AVANT GARDE

ONE DOLLAR

AVANT GARDE

FUCHS' FEMMES FATALES

SEE PAGE 10

CONTENTS

FRONT LINES **1**
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR **5**
AMERICA IN DISTRESS **6**
BY NOBEL LAUREATE GEORGE WALD
FUCHS' FEMMES FATALES **10**
IN DEFENSE OF ADOLESCENTS **20**
BY WARREN BOROSON
DESERTED ISLAND **26**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILTON S. TIFFT
CONVENTION: A PLAY **36**
BY DAN GREENBURG
JOHN & YOKO IN CONCERT **40**
BY IRMA KURTZ
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER **42**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUNTER RAMBOW
IS THE RED CROSS PRO-NAZI? **48**
BY WARREN BOROSON
BEASTS IN LOVE: THREE POEMS **50**
BY D. H. LAWRENCE
JEWS, CATHOLICS, AND PROTESTANTS COMPARED **56**
BY WARNER BROWN
ULTRA-VIOLET IN INFRA-RED **60**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIOT ELISOFON
SAMSON AND THE HARLOT IN GAZA **COVER**
BY ERNST FUCHS

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FRONT LINES

AVANT-GARDE PHILANTHROPIST

American philanthropists tend to support charities and institutions that are good for their "images"—like museums, hospitals, and health foundations. You don't, for example, see the Ford Foundation doling out any claims for the Abortion League of America or for the Oakland 7. And then there are the Right Wing philanthropists (H. L. Hunt, Robert Welch) and the Left Wing philanthropists (Corliss Lamont, Frederick V. Field). But until Stewart R. Mott arrived on the scene there was no such thing as an Avant-Garde philanthropist.

Stewart's vast income comes from the fortune of his father, Charles Mott. The elder Mott, now 94, got in on the ground floor of a dynamic young company a half century ago—General Motors—and today his wealth is estimated to be a cool $800,000,000. At the age of 62 he sired Stewart, and he may have been regretting it ever since. For Charles Mott is a conservative Republican, a devout Episcopalian, and a member of the Rotary, Moose, Elks, Kiwanis, Lions, and Veterans of Foreign Wars. His 32-year-old son is a liberal Democrat, an agnostic, a conscientious objector, and a patron of the National Sex and Drug Forum, the American Euthanasia Society, and the Association for the Study of Abortion.

"My father and I coexist," young Mott—tall, slender, baby-faced—told us recently when Avant-Garde visited him at his luxurious penthouse on Park Avenue. "For a while, my father and I didn't even speak to each other. Now we just avoid any subject that's at all controversial."

Apart from the sticky family situation, Mott is one of the most enviable men in America. His various investments bring him well over a million dollars a year, and he doesn't feel any remorse about it. "I feel no guilt about my wealth," he says, "since I'm frugal—I spend on myself only about what I would earn if I were employed. My personal expenses are only about $30,000 a year, and the rest I give away." In the past four years, in fact, he's given away

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at least $3 million. He's a professional philanthropist—he even lists himself in the phone book as "Stewart R. Mott, philanthropist."

Giving away Mott's money is a foundation he set up and which he heads—Spectemur Agendo (the family motto, meaning "Let us be known by what we do"). Spectemur Agendo is, to quote the official literature, "dedicated to the support of programs which are unconventional, controversial, and unacceptable to the traditional sources of foundation support." In recent months, for example, Spectemur Agendo has given grants to "hippie-oriented urban services" (like free stores and health clinics), as well as for studies of ESP, abortion, and human sexual response.

Mott and a staff of eight work five days a week in a Madison Avenue office disbursing his money. "I spend a lot of time just watching my investments," Mott says. "If I'm to give away money, I have to see to it I make as much as I can. I'll invest it in Dow or Lockheed if I think I'll get a good return on my money. But I'll use the profit to fight against war and against the arms race."

Alternately chewing home-grown endive and smoking a Turkish cigarette, he continues: "People with money have a responsibility to use it, not to let it sit in the bank," thus endorsing a basic capitalistic tenet. "I have no quarrel with a man like H. L. Hunt. He, at least, is spending his money for what he thinks is right. I believe that too much money is given to institutions that really don't need it, while more important projects fail for lack of funds."

Mott sometimes makes the news pages with his political philanthropy. In the past year and a half, he's given away over $400,000 to such liberal causes as Friends of Senator Gruening, McCarthy for President, Rockefeller Now, and the New York mayoral primary campaigns of Republican John Lindsay and Democrat Herman Badillo. Every single one of them lost. "A check from Mott," a Lindsay aide said recently, "is rapidly becoming a political kiss of death." Mott, undeterred, is now thinking of entering politics himself—"in four or five years, if I think I have a chance." Alas, he foresees obstacles. "For one thing," he says, "I'm a conscientious objector. And for another, my life-style might be unpalatable to some people."

His life-style is part Andrew Carnegie and part Ali Khan. His penthouse, for example, is about as ascetic as any $100,000-a-year apartment can be. Its walls are covered with photographs of his good-looking girl friends, but all in all it resembles an enormous college dorm: piles of papers and books on the floor, posters on the walls, the scattered debris of meetings, parties, and affairs.

Speaking of his affairs, Mott says, "My mother doesn't like the fact that I engage in premarital intercourse and spend weekends with pretty girls in Bermuda or Acapulco. Of course, she'd be the first to admit that it would be very strange if I reached the age of 32 and were still a virgin." As for marriage, "It's a dead institution. The whole thing was set up a couple of thousand years ago to clarify property rights and keep the tribe from cutting each other's throats over some girl. If I can find a woman who's perfect for me, she can move in and we can just live together. I don't see what difference a few words spoken in front of a minister can make." Besides, "The whole point of marriage is to have children. Considering my belief that there are already far too many people on this planet, why should I add a few more?"

In fact, population control is one of Mott's primary concerns—over the past few years he's given over $1.5 million to Planned Parenthood. His interest in the population problem first became evident, it seems, while he was a student at the School of General Studies, at Columbia. At the parties he'd give in his West Side apartment, he'd distribute contraceptive foam to women who were interested.

Not surprisingly, Mott is also in favor of legalized abortion. "First of all," he says, "abortion can act as a check upon the population. But, more important, every woman has the right to decide when and if she's going to have a child. Women are not free until they have full control of their child-bearing function."

How did the son of a Goldwater conservative learn to say such things? Possibly it has to do with his mottled background—he went to public schools in Flint, Michigan, to Deerfield Academy, in Massachusetts, to M.I.T., and to Columbia, where he earned a B.A. in literature as well as a B.A. in business administration. (He graduated Phi Beta Kappa and won a Woodrow Wilson fellowship.) He's also hitchhiked around the world. And he's worked as a clerk, handyman, machinist, accountant, janitor, executive, and English teacher. With such a wealth of experience, perhaps it's not surprising that Stewart Mott didn't wind up being just another rich man's son.

And yet he's no kook. Although he's a vegetarian (he grows some of his own

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food in a roof-garden), and although he favors free love and the legalization of marijuana, and although he goes to parties wearing red trousers (so as not to be mistaken for a businessman), Mott seems more like a grown-up Boy Scout than an eccentric millionaire. It's his intelligence and his moral earnestness that do the trick. "I could have been a playboy," he says, "but such a life is a waste. I'm sort of an existentialist, and I think I should make an effort to tackle public problems—like arms proliferation—even if I think I may fail."

Stewart R. Mott is still a young man, and he has still to receive the main part of his father's fortune. When he does, and when he doubles or quadruples his current programs, he may well become one of the most influential men in America.

WHY JOHNNY CAN'T THINK FOR HIMSELF

It's a well-documented fact that America's schoolteachers tend to be cautious, conformist people—otherwise, they might have taken up more unusual occupations. The question is, do these conformist teachers have it in for independent, nonconformist students?

Psychologist Norma D. Feshbach decided to find the answer. She asked 140 student-teachers to read descriptions of various children, then indicate which of the children they would, or wouldn't, want to have in their own classrooms. As it turned out, the student-teachers much preferred rigid, dependent children to flexible, independent ones.

As for teacher's pets, here they are, in descending order:

1) the rigid, conforming girl;
2) the rigid, conforming boy;
3) the dependent, passive girl;
4) the dependent, passive boy.

Lowest down on the list—teacher's nemesis—is the independent, assertive girl. Girls in general are preferred over boys because a girl's sex role sanctions her passivity. The teacher senses that a passive boy's behavior is inappropriate to his sex role.

Because teachers tend to favor youngsters who swim with the tide rather than those who rock the boat, it is precisely the most imaginative students they are hostile to. Fortunately, many of these students go on to college, where independence and nonconformity may be more acceptable. But if our society seems to have a disproportionate share of rigid conformists, our nation's schoolteachers may bear some of the responsibility.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Gentlemen:

Your Picasso issue is the most beautiful issue of a magazine I've ever seen. Thank you! THANK YOU!!

Steve Casaw
Morris Plains, N.J.

Sirs,

Picasso's erotic gravures offend me beyond description. It is my opinion that such horrible distortion could only be the work of an idiot or one under the influence of hallucinatory drugs. I believe that the deletion of the first three letters of the artist's name would present him with a more descriptive appellation.

Walter D. Musser
Weston, W.Va.

Friends,

I recently returned after two years in Vietnam, where I was a G.I. helping to tear the country down. I am determined to return, as a civilian, to help build the country up. I know a fair amount about building construction (and, alas, destruction), and I would welcome assistance, if only in the form of encouragement, from any of your readers.

Wayne L. Seth
15609 S. Chadron
Gardena, Calif.

Dear Sir,

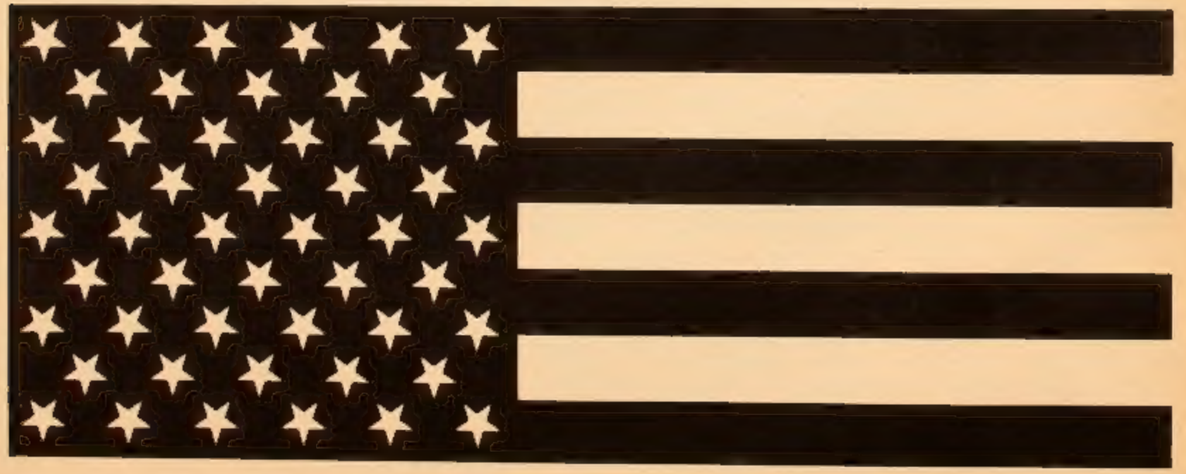
Ever since I learned of its existence, I have been opposed to the American presence in the Vietnamese War. Many people I know have gone to Vietnam, some have come back.

I recently learned of some of the techniques used in training Vietnam-bound men at Parris Island. This method strips them of any feelings of compassion for fellow men. When they finish they have no capacity of love left—be it for man or woman; they no longer know how to love—only to kill without feeling.

(Miss) Karen Sourwine
Easton, Maryland

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT BY NOBEL LAUREATE GEORGE WALD

AMERICA IN DISTRESS



I am a teacher at Harvard. I have a class of about 360 students—men and women—most of them freshmen and sophomores. Over these past few years I have felt increasingly that something is terribly wrong—and this year ever so much more than last. Something has gone sour, in teaching and in learning. It's almost as though there were a widespread feeling that education has become irrelevant.

A lecture is much more of a dialogue than most people appreciate. As you lecture, you keep watching the faces, and information keeps coming back to you all the time. I began to feel, particularly this year, that I was missing much of what was coming back. I tried asking the students, but they didn't or couldn't help me very much.

But I think I know what's the matter, even a little better than they do. Some of them tell you that what's bothering them is the Vietnam War. I think the Vietnam War is the most shameful episode in the whole of American history. The concept of war crimes is an American invention. We've committed many war crimes in Vietnam; but I'll tell you something interesting about that. We were committing war crimes in World War II, even before Nuremberg trials were held and the principle of war crimes started. The saturation bombing of German cities was a war crime. Dropping atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a war crime. If we had lost the war, some of our leaders might have had to answer for those actions.

I've gone through all of that history lately, and I find that there's a gimmick in it. It isn't written out, but I think we established it by precedent. That gimmick is that if one can allege that one is repelling or retaliating for an *aggression*—after that everything goes. And you see we are living in a world in which all wars are wars of defense. All War Departments are now Defense Departments. This is all part of the double-talk of our time. The aggressor is always on the other side. And I suppose this is why our ex-Secretary of State, Dean Rusk—a man in whom repetition takes the place of reason, and stubbornness takes the place of character—went to such pains to insist, as he still insists, that in Vietnam we are repelling an aggression. And if that's what we are doing—so runs the doctrine—anything goes. If the concept of war crimes is ever to mean anything, these crimes will have to be defined as categories of acts, regardless of alleged provocation. But that isn't so now.

I think we've lost that war, as a lot of other people think, too. The Vietnamese have a secret weapon. It's their willingness to die beyond our willingness to kill. In effect they've been saying, "You can kill us, but you'll have to kill a lot of us, and you may have to kill all of us." And thank heavens, we are not yet ready to do that.

Yet we have come a long way—far enough to sicken many Americans, including our fighting men, far enough so that our national symbols have gone sour. How many of you can sing about "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air" without thinking, those are *our* bombs and *our* rockets bursting over South Vietnamese villages? When those words were written, we were a people struggling for freedom against oppression. Now we are supporting real or thinly disguised military dictatorships all over the world, helping them to control and repress peoples struggling for their freedom.

But the Vietnam War, shameful and terrible as it is, seems to me only an immediate incident in a much larger and more stubborn situation.

Part of my trouble with students is that almost all those I teach were born since World War II. Just after World War II, a series of new and abnormal procedures came into American life. We regarded them at the time as temporary aberrations. We thought we would get back to normal American life some day. But those procedures have stayed with us now for more than 20 years, and those students of mine have never known anything else. They think those things are normal. They think we've always had a Pentagon, that we have always had a big army, and that we always had a draft. But those are all new things in American life; and I think that they are incompatible with what America meant before.

How many people today realize that just before World War II the entire American army, including the air force, numbered 139,000 men? Then World War II started and it got to be eight million. And then World War II came to an end, and we prepared to go back to a peacetime army of the size it had been before. And indeed in 1950—you think about 1950, our international commitments, the Cold War, the Truman Doctrine, and all the rest of it—we got down to 600,000 men.

Now we have 3.5 million men under arms: about 600,000 in Vietnam, about 300,000 more in "support areas" elsewhere in the Pacific, about 250,000 in Germany. And there are a lot at home. Some months ago we were told that 300,000 National Guardsmen and 200,000 reservists—half a million men—had been specially trained for riot duty in the cities.

The Vietnam War is just an immediate incident because so long as we keep that big an army, it will always find things to do. If the Vietnam War stopped tomorrow, with that big a military establishment, chances are that we would be in another military adventure before long.

As for the draft: Don't reform the draft—*get rid of it!*

A peacetime draft is the most un-American thing I know. All the time I was growing up I was told about oppressive Central European countries and Russia, where young men were forced into the army, and I was told what courageous young men did about it. They chopped off a finger, or shot off a couple of toes, or better still, if they could manage it, they fled to this country. And we understood that, and sympathized, and were glad to welcome them.

Now, by present estimates, four thousand to six thousand Americans of draft age have left this country for Canada, another two or three thousand have gone to Europe, and it looks as though many more are preparing to emigrate.

A few months ago I received a letter from the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* posing a series of questions that students might ask a professor concerning what to do about the draft. I was asked to write what I would tell those students. All I had to say was this: If any of the students had decided to evade the draft and had asked for my help, I would have helped in any way I could. I would have felt as I suppose members of the underground railway felt in pre-Civil War days, helping runaway slaves to get to Canada. It wasn't altogether a popular position then, but what do you think about it now?

A bill to stop the draft was recently introduced into the Senate (S. 503) by a group of Senators that ran the gamut from Senator George S. McGovern and Senator Mark Hatfield to Senator Barry Goldwater. (Any time I find that Barry Goldwater and I are in agreement on any given subject, I take a long hard look at it.) I hope it goes through. I think that when we get rid of the draft, we must also cut back the size of the armed forces. It seems to me that in peacetime a total of one million men is surely enough. If there is an argument for American military forces of more than one million men in peacetime, I should like to hear that argument debated.

In connection with abolition of the draft it is being said that to keep an adequate voluntary army, we would have to raise military pay considerably. That's said so positively and so often that people believe it. I don't think it is true.

The great bulk of our present armed forces consists of volunteers. Among first-term enlistments, 49 per cent are true volunteers. Another 30 per cent are "reluctant volunteers," people who volunteer under pressure of the draft. Only 21 per cent are draftees. All re-enlistments, of course, are true volunteers.

So the great majority of our present armed forces are true volunteers. Whole services are composed entirely of volunteers: the Air Force, for example, the Navy, and almost all the Marines. That seems like proof to me that present pay rates are adequate. One must add that an Act of Congress in 1967 raised the base pay throughout the services in three installments (the most recent installment came on April 1, 1969). So it is hard to understand why we are being told that to maintain adequate armed services on a volunteer basis will require large increases in pay: an extra $17 billion per year. It seems plain to me that we can get all the armed forces we need as volunteers, and at present rates of pay.

But there is something ever so much bigger and more important than the draft. That bigger thing, of course, is what ex-President Eisenhower warned us of, calling it the military-industrial complex. I am sad to say that we must begin to think of it now as the military-industrial-*labor union* complex. Under the Cold War we not only built up the first big peacetime army in our history, but we institutionalized it—and built the biggest government building in our history to run it.

I don't think we can live with the present $80-billion-a-year military budget and keep America anything like it was in the past. It is corrupting the life of the whole country. It is buying up everything in sight: industries, banks, investors, universities. Lately it seems also to have bought up labor unions.

The Defense Department is always broke; but some of the things it does with its $80-billion-a-year would make Buck Rogers envious. For example, the Rocky Mountain Arsenal on the outskirts of Denver was manufacturing a deadly nerve poison on such a scale that there was a problem of waste disposal. Undaunted, the Defense Department dug a tunnel two miles deep under Denver, into which so much poisoned water has been injected that a couple of years ago Denver began to experience a series of earth tremors of increasing severity. Now there is a grave fear of a major earthquake. An interesting debate is in progress as to whether Denver will be safer if that lake of poisoned water is removed or left in place. (*New York Times*, July 4, 1968; *Science*, September 27, 1968)

Perhaps you have read also of those six thousand sheep that suddenly died in Skull Valley, Utah, killed by another nerve poison—a strange accident, since the nearest testing seems to have been 30 miles away.

As for Vietnam, the expenditure of firepower has been frightening. At Khe Sanh, a hamlet just south of the Demilitarized Zone, for example, we dropped more explosives than fell on Japan throughout World War II, and more than fell on the whole of Europe during the years 1942 and 1943. One of the officers there was quoted as having said afterward, "It looked like the world caught smallpox and died." (*New York Times*, March 28, 1968)

The only point of government is to safeguard and foster *life*. Our government has become preoccupied with *death*, with the business of killing and being killed. So-called Defense now absorbs 60 per cent of the national budget, and about 12 per cent of the Gross National Product.

We are told that the United States and Russia between them have by now stockpiled in nuclear weapons approximately the explosive power of 15 tons of TNT for every man, woman, and child on earth. And now it is suggested that we must make more. All very regrettable, of course; but those are "the facts of life." We really would like to disarm; but our new Secretary of Defense has made the ingenious proposal that we must be practical, that now is the time to greatly increase our nuclear armaments so that we can disarm from a position of strength.

I think all of us know there is no adequate defense against massive nuclear attack. It is both easier and cheaper to circumvent any known defense system than to provide it. So far as I know, the most conservative estimates of the number of Americans who would be killed in a major nuclear attack, with everything working as well as can be hoped and with all foreseeable precautions taken, run to about 50 million. We have become callous to gruesome statistics, and this seems at first to be only another gruesome statistic. You think—Bang!—and next morning, if you're still there, you read in the newspapers that 50 million people were killed.

But that isn't the way it happens. When we killed close to 200,000 people with those first little, old-fashioned uranium bombs that we dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, about the same number of persons were maimed, blinded, burned, poisoned, and otherwise doomed. A lot of them took a long time to die.

That's the way it would be. Not a bang, and a certain number of corpses to bury, but a nation filled with millions of helpless, maimed, tortured, and doomed persons—and the survivors huddled with their families in shelters, with guns ready to fight off neighbors who might try to get some uncontaminated food and water.

A few months ago Senator Richard Russell of Georgia ended a speech in the Senate with the words: "If we have to start over again with another Adam and Eve, I want them to be Americans; and I want them on this continent and not in Europe." That was a United States Senator making a patriotic speech. Well, here is a Nobel Laureate who thinks that those words are criminally insane.

How real is the threat of full-scale nuclear war? I have my own inexpert idea, but realizing how little I know and fearful that I may be a little paranoid on this subject, I take every opportunity to ask experts. I asked that question of a distinguished professor of government at Harvard about a month ago. I asked him what sort of odds he would lay on the possibility of full-scale nuclear war within the foreseeable future. "Oh," he said confidently, "I think I can give you a pretty good answer to that question. I estimate the probability of full-scale nuclear war, provided that the situation remains about as it is now, at two per cent per year." Anybody can do the simple calculation that shows that two per cent per year means that the chance of a full-scale nuclear war occurring by 1990 is about one in three, and by 2000 it is about 50-50.

I think I know what is bothering the students: What we are up against is a generation that is by no means sure that it has a future.

I am growing old, and my future is, so to speak, already behind me. But there are my students. They're always on my mind. And so are my children, ages seven and nine. Their future is infinitely more precious to me than my own. So it isn't just their generation that's at stake; it's mine, too. We're all in it together.

Are we to have a chance to live? We don't ask for prosperity, or security, only for a reasonable chance to live, to work out our destiny in peace. We don't want to go down in history as the apocalyptic generation.

And it isn't only nuclear war. Another overwhelming threat is in the population explosion. That has not yet even begun to come under control. There is every indication that the world population will double before the year 2000. There is a widespread expectation of famine on an unprecedented scale in many parts of the world. Experts tend to differ only in estimates of when the famines will begin. Some think by 1980, others think by 1990. Very few expect that they will not occur by the year 2000.

That is the problem. Unless we can be surer than we are now that this generation has a future, nothing else matters. It's not good enough to give it tender loving care, to supply it with breakfast foods, to buy it expensive educations. Those things don't mean anything unless this generation has *a future*. And we're not sure that it does.

Perhaps you will think me altogether absurd, or "academic," or hopelessly innocent if I say: "We have to get rid of those nuclear weapons. There is nothing worth having that can be obtained by nuclear war: nothing material or ideological. Nuclear war is utterly self-defeating. Those atom bombs represent an unusable weapon. The only use for an atom bomb is to keep somebody else from using his. It can afford only the doubtful satisfaction of retaliation. Nuclear weapons offer us nothing but a balance of terror. We have to get rid of those atomic weapons, here and everywhere. We cannot live with them."

I think we've reached a point of great decision, not just for our nation, not only for all humanity, but for life upon the Earth. I tell my students, with a feeling of pride that I hope they will share, that the carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen that make up 99 per cent of our living substance, were cooked in the deep interiors of earlier generations of dying stars. Gathered up from the ends of the universe, over billions of years, eventually they came to form in part the substance of our sun, its planets, and ourselves. Three billion years ago life arose upon the Earth. It seems to be the only life in the solar system. Many a star has since been born and died.

About two million years ago, man appeared. He has become the dominant species on the Earth. All other living things, animal and plant, live by his sufferance. He is the custodian of life on Earth. It's a big responsibility.

The thought that we're in competition with Russians or Chinese is all a mistake and trivial. Only mutual destruction lies that way. We are one species, with a world to win. There's life all over this universe, but in all the universe we are the only men.

Our business is with life, not death. Our challenge is to give what account we can of life in the solar system, of what becomes of men—all men, of all nations, colors, and creeds. It has become one world, a world for all men. It is only such a world that now can offer us life and the chance to go on.

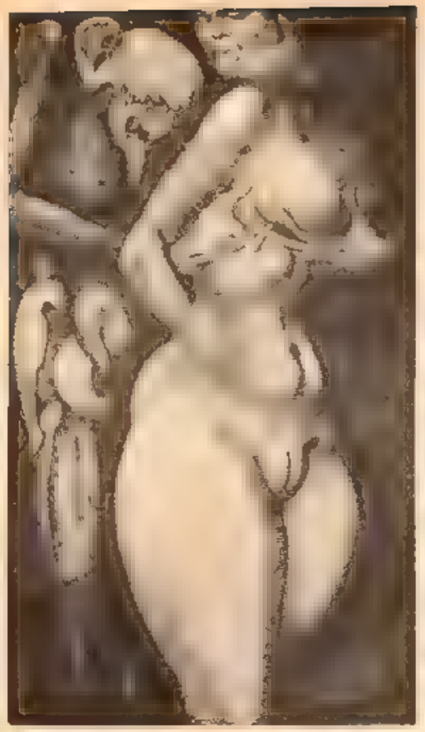
(RIGHT)
ESTHER'S DANCE
(OPPOSITE PAGE, TOP)
TEMPTATION OF THE UNICORN
(OPPOSITE PAGE, BOTTOM)
CALLIPYGIAN SPHINX

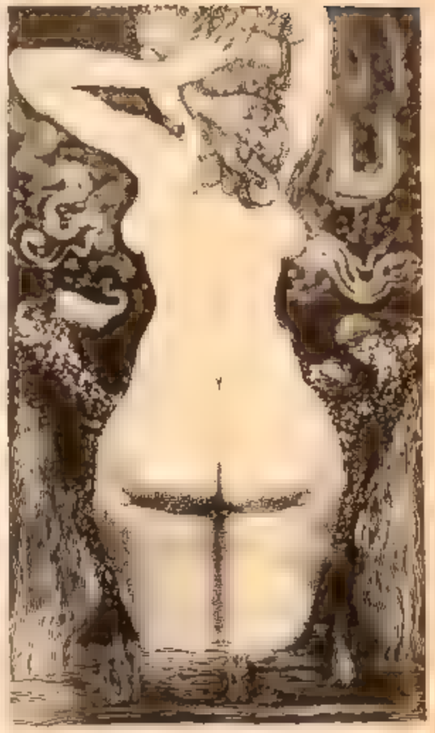
FUCHS' FEMMES FATALES

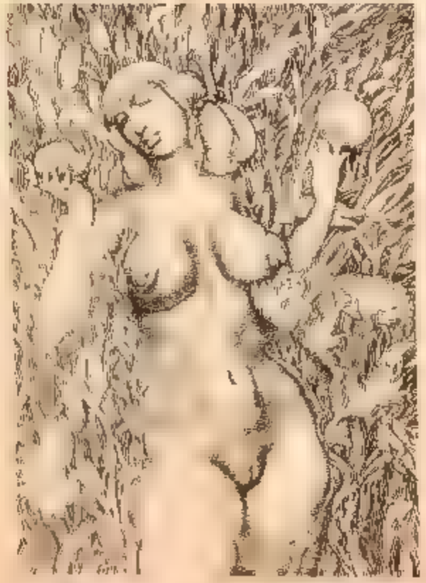
Women in the works of Austrian artist Ernst Fuchs are almost invariably portrayed as ripe, sensual, unbearably seductive femmes fatales. Men, on the other hand, are usually shown as corrupt, tortured, and wasted away. The theme of man's helplessness to resist the lure of woman is Fuchs' obsession, and his drawings, paintings, and lithographs stand as a stern warning against the degradation and death that result from passion. It is no surprise, therefore, that Fuchs' chief source of inspiration is the Bible. He refuses to use live models and prefers, instead, to consort with the phantoms of his imagination. Fuchs, 39, is one of Europe's most highly regarded artists. He is founder of the influential School of Fantastic Realism of Vienna and is represented in most of the major museums and galleries of Europe. Ironically, his work is hardly known at all in the United States. Born into a wealthy Viennese family, Fuchs was recognized as a prodigy by the age of three. He was sent to leading art schools throughout the Continent and led what he describes as an "idyllic" existence until the age of 15, when he was orphaned by Hitler. Fuchs strongly identifies himself with such consummate draftsmen as Da Vinci, Dali, and Dürer. Recently, during an interview at his studio in Vienna, an editor of Avant-Garde, after looking at Fuchs' drawings, remarked that it almost seemed as though Albrecht Dürer—who also dwelt upon the wages of sin—had come back to life. Fuchs replied, pointing to his breast, "He is alive—and I am he!"

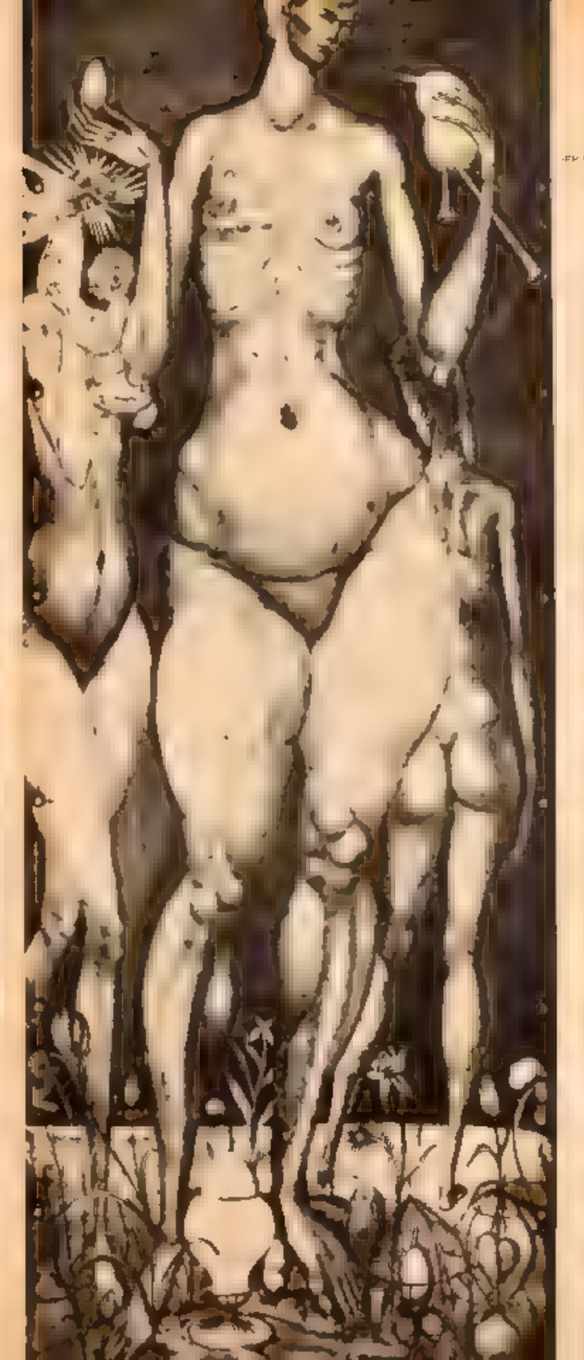
ESTHER, FORE

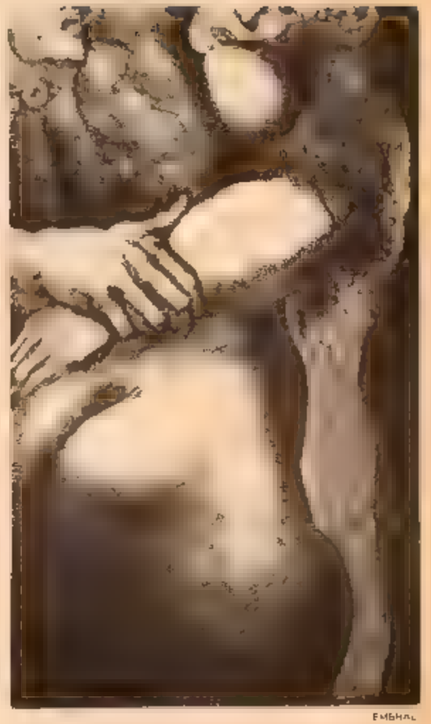
ESTHER, AFT

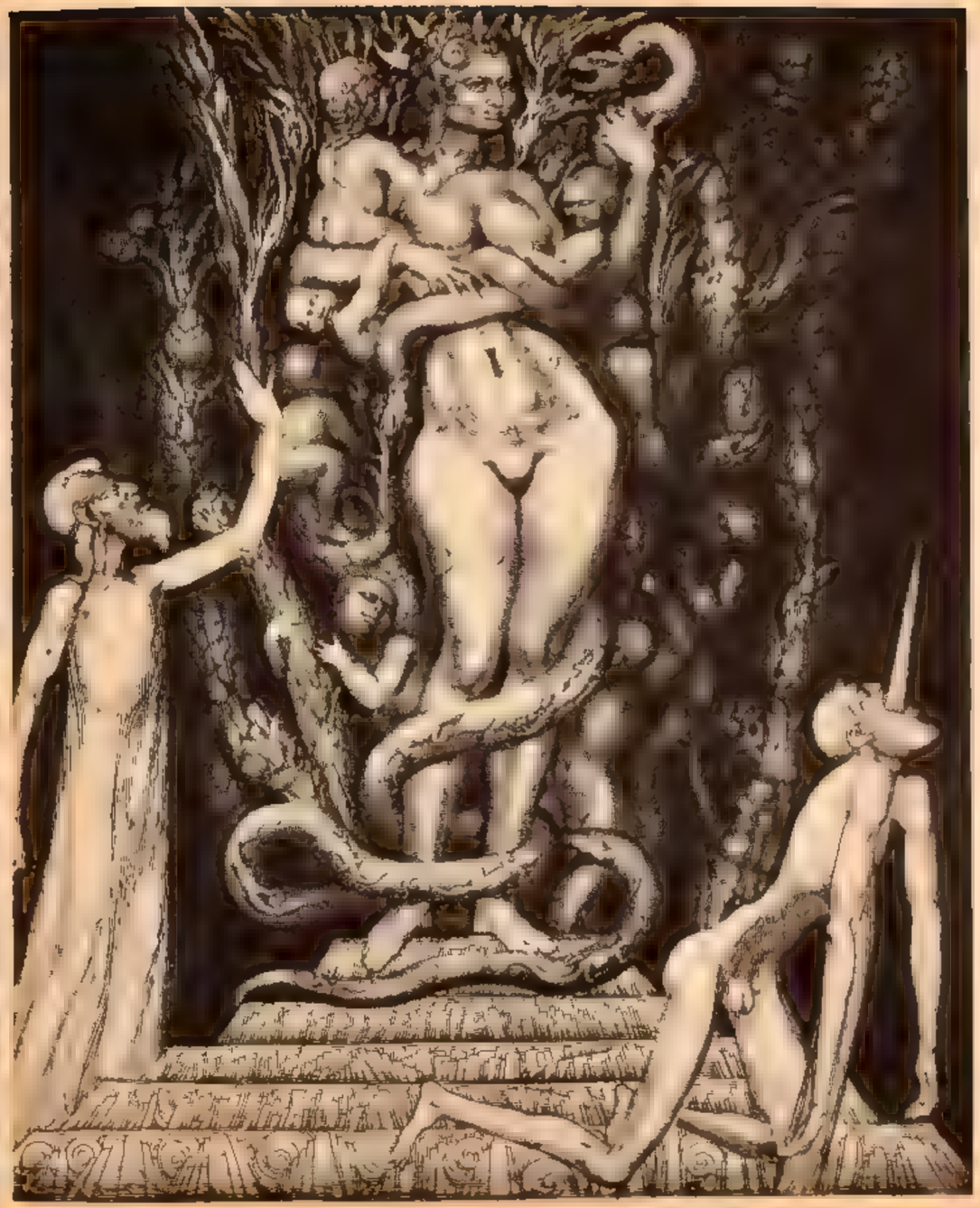












QUEEN ESTHER AND DEAD HAMAN

IN DEFENSE OF ADOLESCENTS

BY WARREN BOROSON

NOW THAT WE AMERICANS HAVE OWNED UP THAT WE'VE DONE BLACKS AND INDIANS WRONG, IT'S HIGH TIME WE RECOGNIZED ANOTHER VICTIM OF OUR CRUEL DISCRIMINATION: THE TEENAGER

Of all the many groups that make up American society—war gamers, ad men, used-car dealers, obsolescence-planners, spokesmen for the Tobacco Institute—surely the most fiercely despised are American teenagers. As adults everywhere see it, the typical addled-escent has acne, V.D., and a couple of illegitimate children, he's addicted to pot, barbaric music, erotic dancing, and stealing people's automobiles, he's lazy, irresponsible, and the ultimate offense—disrespectful to his elders. "You ought to bury them at 12 and dig them up at 18," an angry mother told Judge Mary Kohler. "If it were up to me," a cop told writer Eda LeShan, "I'd put them in jail and throw the key away." "Kids today are detestable," according to that eminent child psychologist Groucho Marx, interviewed recently in *The New York Times* continuing, "What you should do with kids is sling hel, out of them when they're small." The *Times* itself has a bone to pick with today's teenagers, and not long ago its education editor, Fred M. Hechinger, collaborated with his wife on an hysterical, dumb-bunny book called *Teenage Tyranny*, which blamed American adolescents for everything but the Van Allen radiation belt and the retirement of Mickey Mantle. "Say 'juvenile,'" echoes Philip Wylie, "and nine grown people in ten will think 'delinquent.'" Lyn Tornabene, a writer who at age 34 engaged in a participant-observation study of teenage customs at "Urban" High School (*I Passed as a Teenager*), reports, "The adults on the streets around Urban didn't like the sight of the kids leaving school. They backed off in fear and hostility to let them pass. I saw the hostility on the street. I felt it after school in the company of my young friends." Finally, according to this refrain the whole trouble with American teenagers—young punks," in this context—is that their parents don't knock them on the heads enough, their teachers molly-coddle them, and society treats them as if they had diplomatic immunity.

Granted. Teenagers are one goddamn great big pill. They do heist a lot of cars, in fact, you can gauge the over-all crime rate just by knowing how many teenagers there are in the general population. Many teenagers get V.D., many smoke marijuana, many get married on Sunday and divorced on Tuesday. They're sassy, moody and difficult to live with.

All this is unarguable and regrettable. But landlords, undertakers, and, yea verily, skin doctors all have their defenders. Is there no Devil's Advocate, no intrepid man or woman anywhere, who will say a few kind words on behalf of the modern adolescent? The answer is: Yes, in thunder.

Perhaps the foremost defender of American youth is a chap by the name of Edgar Z. Friedenberg, professor of sociology at the University of California (Davis) and the author of *The Vanishing Adolescent*, *Coming of Age in America*, and *The Dignity of Youth and Other Atavisms*. It is Professor F.'s contention that adolescents are a discriminated-against minority group, virtually powerless to defend themselves against the depredations and humiliations of adult society. "The adolescent," he fumes, "is now the only totally disenfranchised minority group in the country. In fact, the parade of teenagers with blacks is remarkable. "Here is a people who are usually carefree, exuberant, long of limb and fleet of foot. Noted for athletic and (it is whispered) sexual prowess, they are nonetheless essentially childlike, irresponsible, and given to outbursts of unrestrained violence." He means teens, not blacks, sulky. As for the ululating public outcry against juvenile delinquency, why, Professor F. rightly suggests that "the kind of concern and indignation it arouses—the vindictive cartoons and columns in the papers, the just barely subpornographic accounts of gang activities, and the lasciously sadistic measures sometimes proposed for dealing with the miscreants—is neurotic, particularly in a population which has for some years endured with suspicious apathy the combined threats of lung cancer, smog, fallout, and week-end motoring." In short, there are people who believe that today's adolescents are more sinned against than sinning. That blaming today's teenagers for what they are is rather like blaming Oliver Twist, and not Fagin, for being a pickpocket.

And who, in this analogy, is Fagin, the Viper? American society, American authority figures, and American parents. These three conspire at almost every possible opportunity to thwart the needs and warp the personalities of today's teenagers. It is the best of our youth, the Holden Caulfields who fight back. Alexander Portnoy capitulated, which is why he is complaining so noisily. But both of them wound up seeing psychoanalysts.

Before exploring the ways in which adults manage to thwart the needs of adolescents, and before exploring some of the lurid reasons why adults *really* hate teenagers, let us briefly review the facts of life about the teenager living in the United States of America in this the nineteen-hundred and sixty-ninth year of Our Lord.

Anatomy and Destiny

Anatomy is destiny not only for the newborn but for adolescents as well, for it is puberty (from a Latin word meaning "to grow hair") that prompts the personality changes that mark adolescence. What puberty the budding of sexuality, does is to create in the adolescent a demanding need for *independence*, for *responsibility*, and for *sexual relations*.

Perhaps the need for independence is instinctual. Just as a normal baby will necessarily rock, then crawl, then stand, then walk, it may be that normal adolescents will necessarily strive to leave their parents and sail out into the world on their own.

Another explanation, a psychoanalytic one, is that because of his heightened sex drive an adolescent's buried incestuous longings toward a parent or sibling are dug up, and out of unconsciously-caused shame he is impelled to leave the roost. In confirmation one can point out that some youngsters actually recall such incestuous desires. In *The Uncommitted* psychologist Kenneth Keniston's study of alienated youth, he writes that a few young men he interviewed "report conscious incestuous fantasies and/or dreams involving their mothers or sisters, which were immensely disturbing, and one had 'sexual relations' with his younger sister for a few months." Psychiatrist Dane Offer, author of *The Psychological World of the Teenager*, found that boys just entering high school, at about 14, said they were closer to their mothers than to their fathers, the same boys, by the end of high school, were saying that they felt awkward and embarrassed with their mothers, but comfortable with their fathers.

Striving for independence adolescents become aloof from their parents, if not downright sassy with them. Psychiatrist Gordon H. Blaine Jr., in *Patience and Fortitude*, shrewdly suggests that:

> There seems to be a need on the part of growing children to create some kind of disturbance within the home—as though they had to make the family a place of conflict and unpleasantness in order to leave it more easily to become independent. Perhaps they can leave home only if they first make it such an unattractive and tumultuous environment that no one could be expected to live there."

In his quest for independence the adolescent may even turn to crime. Indeed, as the President's Crime Commission noted, "self-report studies reveal that perhaps 90 per cent of all young people have committed at least one act for which they could have been brought to juvenile court." (In a "self-report" study, people fill out questionnaires anonymously.) Psychologist Keniston, in his interviews with young men, discovered that when they discussed their stealing or their drunken orgies, they always wound up talking about their parents' reactions. His conclusion: "A good part of the motivation for such delinquencies must have been to create embarrassment in these parents and to demonstrate tangibly the subject's emancipation from their control."

Understandably adolescents also begin mourning for the parents they are going to leave. They become moody, contradictory, almost manic-depressive. The weaker ones, terrified of leaving the nest, turn into Little Lord Fauntleroys (or even worse) Pat Boones, pious and parent-fearing—and may remain stunted for the rest of their lives. Other adolescents, searching for a reasonable excuse to remain children, get into accidents (accidents cause almost half of all teenagers' deaths). Still other youngsters assuage their grief by immersing themselves in an all-engrossing activity like civil rights work, baseball, reading, dancing, or masturbation.

Of course the single best way to deal with a loss is to find a realistic substitute, and this is just what most normal adolescents do. To replace being dependent on their parents, they become dependent on their peers. And allied with their peers young people in the same sad, exciting plight—they can better resist their former colonial masters. As one mother put it, "All I hear is, 'Sandy can, why can't I?' Eventually I give in."

Despite the sneering attitude that most adults have for teenage dancing, teenage jargon, teenage clothes, and teenage conformity, a few thoughtful people suspect that teenage peer groups are a jolly good thing. According to psychologists R.F. Peck and R.J. Havighurst (*The Psychology of Character Development*):

> "The peer group provides a basis for learning the major social loyalties. If an adolescent enjoys the peer group, he is likely to approach all groups with the expectation of liking them. Loyalty to nation, to community, and to a professional or working group probably depends upon the learning of loyalty to the smaller and more intimate groups of the family and the peer group."

Even the "gang"—the very word makes strong men stagger—may have some value. After all, as the Crime Commission reported, only 17 per cent of a typical gang's offenses entail violence and half the violent offenses are committed not against the public but against a rival gang. "Much gang violence, in other words, appears to occur not against strangers but in attempts to achieve or preserve individual or gang status or territory," the Commission states. Perhaps gang members are learning to be statesmen.

When not out caverting with his peers, the adolescent may avail himself of two other safe, reversible means of escaping his parents—the automobile and the telephone. To quote *Normal Adolescence* by the Committee on Adolescence of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry (which is composed of 185 or so socially-conscious psychiatrists), the auto "can serve the purpose of independence from the parents and adult supervision of defiance and escape of mobility and freedom from restraint.... As for the telephone, it "provides the adolescent with a wonderful means of fulfilling the need for flight from his parents to his peers without ever leaving the home. Dial a peer and he is transferred out of one world and into the other, escaping too-close family involvement by turning to others in the same predicament."

Not only does an adolescent grieve for the parents he must relinquish, the imminent relinquishment itself serves to lower his self-esteem. "Because his view of himself and the world has been determined largely by the stability of his relationship with his parents," the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry (henceforth G.A.P.) observes, "he now feels threatened and confused."

Meanwhile, Murphy's Law is working merrily away. Whatever can go wrong does go wrong. The male adolescent (who has it worse than female adolescents) suddenly discovers a host of other reasons for thinking poorly of himself. He has nocturnal emissions, sudden erections, normal homosexual yearnings, involuntary indecent fantasies. He discovers masturbation, tries to stop, and fails. Dr. Blaine writes:

> "Adolescents will occasionally go to dangerous extremes to keep themselves from performing the act, tying their hands together or knotting the bedsheets in some complicated way to make it difficult or impossible to perform the act. A few suicides have resulted from guilt over being unable to break the habit or accidentally in the midst of contortions designed to prevent it."

The young Portnoy would have been delighted to learn that nowadays psychiatrists think that masturbation can have a sorts of wonderful side-effects, among them (to quote G.A.P.) that "the prominence of the erection, the forcefulness of the ejaculation, and the tangibility of the ejaculate may foster acceptance of the masculine, aggressive role in relationships with girls."

Next comes the true badge of adolescence: acne. Nothing at all seems to cure it. And "Because acne is readily visible," G.A.P. notes, "it often serves as a focus for displaced guilt or concern about sexuality or 'dirtiness,' as though it somehow betrays one's secret thoughts and activities." It is no exaggeration that the scientist who discovers a cure for acne will be doing a greater service for humanity than the scientist who finds a cure for cancer.

Now most adults have at least three things going for them that most adolescents don't have. Adults are *independent*: *they* decide how late they'll stay out at night, *they* decide whether to stick at the job they have or leave, *they* decide where they will live, and so forth. Power not only tends to corrupt, it also tends to bolster the ego. Adults also have jobs, and most jobs give a person a sense of *responsibility*, a sense of being needed and a sense of being capable. Finally, adults have *sexual relations*, another major source of self-esteem and self assurance, as psychiatrists have discovered by studying sex-starved soldiers, as if anybody had to prove it.

In America, alas, adolescents are denied these normal, basic props to self-esteem, and they may become slightly desperate to find other reasons for thinking well of themselves. Many engage in glorious daydreaming. (Including the youthful Dr. Spock. At 14, he writes in *Problems of Parents*, he would fantasize that there was a disaster, "during which I would rush to the house of a certain girl—to whom I'd never actually spoken—in a high-powered sports car, the owner of which had luckily been killed. I was always blocked, though, by the realization that I didn't know how to drive.") Others become boastful and arrogant, trying to deny any sense of inferiority. And still others—especially members of the lower classes, more of whom had weakened egos to begin with—wake up every morning and discover that their ego-batteries need recharging, and compulsively go off in search of life's little victories—rolling marbles down the hall during school study-periods, talking back to a cop, trying to shoplift in a supermarket.

Not all adolescents are successful in finding crutches for their shaky self-esteem—the six-leading cause of death in this age group is suicide. And naturally enough, it can be highly dangerous to tamper with any adolescent's self-esteem. In a small-town high school not long ago, the principal decided to cut two older students down to size, so one afternoon he got a paddle and spanked them in public. As Professor Friedenberg reports, the two students offered the principal "little resistance and they accepted his decision that their self-esteem should be attacked and defended in physical terms. Later in the afternoon they murdered his wife."

Society Against Adolescents

The rebellious somewhat disturbed youngsters we have been discussing might be English or French, but most probably they are American. They are certainly not Samoan, in fact it is highly unlikely that they are members of any primitive culture. For as sociologist Kingsley Davis makes clear, in other cultures, the outstanding fact is generally not the rebelliousness of youth but its docility." In those other cultures, adolescents *get* the independence, responsibility, and sex they need when they most need it. As Margaret Mead discovered over 40 years ago in Samoa, adolescence can be a peaceful, joyous time. As soon as Samoan children reach puberty they engage in sexual liaisons, even before puberty, boys are canoeing and reef fishing, girls are caring for and disciplining their younger siblings. Among the Cheyenne Indians, a boy at birth received a bow and arrow—and as he

grew up the bows and arrows were made larger. His status as a man was continuous. Even when he finally brought home a buffalo, he was not considered superior to the boy he was at birth. In still other societies, as soon as someone reaches puberty there is a "rite of passage" he is initiated into manhood by performing a manly task (like headhunting) or by undergoing a painful ordeal (like having his genitals mutilated). In these primitive societies, then, adolescence is *not* full of storm and stress, the reason being that there is no such thing as "adolescence." A child becomes a *man*, not a teenager.

Western societies, in contrast, are marked by what anthropologist Ruth Benedict called "discontinuities." When a child reaches puberty, he has only reached the no-man's-land that is called adolescence. After he passes through a half-dozen of these neither-fish-nor-fowl years he finally receives out of the blue independence, responsibility, and the freedom to engage in sex. Whereas in primitive societies adolescence and adulthood are identical, in Western societies an adolescent and an adult are almost two different species.

Western societies have created this weird creature, the adolescent, because their complex economic systems have little need for relatively unskilled young men (killers of buffalo, reef fishers), but a crying need for highly skilled young men (lawyers, computer experts, doctors). So what these societies do, instead of letting children pass smoothly into adulthood, is to make them remain quasi-children, in the hope they will go to the Harvard Business School, West Point, or M.I.T. They insist that adolescents attend school, remain obedient to their parents, and keep themselves as chaste as angels. Not surprisingly, the United States—the most demanding of an advanced economic systems insists the most.

An adolescent in the United States is not only forced, by law, to attend school; he is also constantly being informed that most employers won't give him a decent job unless he has a diploma or a degree. Society—in this case, mainly the schools—has brainwashed employers into believing that someone with 12 years of schooling is far more knowledgeable than someone with only 11 years of schooling, that someone with a college diploma is infinitely smarter than someone with only three years of college. And so our youngsters, warmed with equal vehemence about the danger of heroin and the danger of being a dropout, go to school longer and postpone their adulthood longer. From 1880 to 1920, the average white American reached only the eighth grade; today he graduates from high school, and has a 50 per cent chance of going on to college.

If our hero does drop out of the junior rat race, he discovers that for once people were telling him the truth. Jobs are scarce, good jobs far scarcer. Not only do employers demand diplomas but labor unions hoard job openings. And even owly jobs are being eliminated by automation. The result is that more employable youths are out of jobs than any other age group—one out of three. In 1910, fully 30 per cent of all 14- and 15-year-olds were employed; one million youngsters *under* 14 had jobs.

As for responsible work inside the home, that's all gone with the wind. A hundred years ago, a teenager might help his father on the farm or in the store. He might shovel coal into the furnace or carry in a heavy chunk of ice for the icebox. A girl would help her mother with the cooking and with the kids. Today, pop is no farmer and needs no help, while mom has electric, gas, or oil heat, an automatic refrigerator ready-made foods, and a nursery school for the young uns.

The law also insists that adolescents remain subservient to their parents, and never, never fornicate. According to the Crime Commission, "more than half of the girls referred to juvenile court in 1964 were referred for conduct that would not be criminal if performed by adults" that is, for running away from home for "ungovernable behavior," for illicit sexual relations. One-fifth of all boys referred to juvenile courts committed similar Teenagers-Beware offenses. In the good old days, if your father was a bully and a drunkard, you could run off to sea, try it today, and you and Huckleberry Finn will be arrested as juvenile delinquents.

"Legally," Professor Friedenberg points out further, "the adolescent comes pretty close to having no basic rights at all. The state generally retains the final right even to strip him of minority status. He has no right to demand the particular protection of either due process or the juvenile administration procedure the state decides. . ." Only recently has the Supreme Court ruled that adolescents appearing in juvenile courts should have the same legal safeguards as adults, up to then, teenage defendants were almost always convicted, without benefit of counsel. Professor F concludes: "In the most formal sense then, the adolescent is one of our second-class citizens."

In regard to sex, society is very much like Mrs. Robinson. Through its ads, its teen-market movies, it continually tempts but if you succumb, don't expect to marry my beautiful daughter. Our society cruelly ignores the fact that the 14-year-old of today has unprecedented sexual needs—he is, after all, the 17-year-old of yesterday. "Modern medicine and diet," sociologist Sherwood Washburn observes, "have accelerated puberty by about three years over what it was in the beginning of the 19th Century." And yet the leaders of our society scream with real pain when teenagers fornicate and when youngsters older than those pubescent adolescents Romeo and Juliet get married. True, teenage marriages do break up rather frequently—but as Education Professor Harold W. Bernard pointedly suggests, "some marriages of older persons are tolerated and do not appear in the divorce statistics" because having married mate, these old bags and hags wouldn't dare get divorced and try finding another mate. Maybe Hollywood actors and actresses get divorced so often for the same reason: with their looks and money they can always be sure of finding another partner.

In brief, what American society does is to keep its adolescents, along with most black men, mere boys. In the memorable words of sociologist Bennett M. Berger, "Our society has as yet found no honorable, serious, and productive place in it for young persons."

But at this point the parallel between teenagers and blacks breaks down. Teenagers, unlike blacks are *not* just as good as everybody else. Teenagers are *better*—they're the supermen of our society. As psychologist John E. Horrocks puts it: "The second decade of life usually finds [a person] at his peak in terms of energy, agility, and physical well-being. Intellectually, he is nearing or has already reached the highest point of his potentiality in terms of pure mental power or ability." Kingsley Davis puts it this way: "In terms of growth, strength, fecundity, and mental capacity full maturity tends to be obtained only a short time after puberty, but society the adolescent has a long way to go before full status is reached." And in view of his clear-cut superiority the discrimination against the teenager is all the more unfair. Just when he is at his peak sexually, he must remain celibate, just when he has the most strength and energy he is given no productive satisfying work to do, just when he is at his intellectual height, and when his need for power is greatest he is denied the right to participate in society's decision-making.

Clearly, we cannot curtail the educational process just to let adolescents become independent earlier—we *need* radiologists, teachers, and engineers. But we could certainly speed up the educational process. And instead of beating our breasts when teenagers become pregnant we might rebuke ourselves for not having provided them with the latest advances in contraceptives. We might also seriously try providing teenagers with more jobs part-time and full-time. For it has been wisely said that the most shamelessly wasted resource in America today is the energy of its adolescents.

Unfortunately, many of us have fallen for the canard that teenagers are irresponsible. The truth is that if you give the surly, smirking adolescent a responsible role to perform, he will mature overnight. As it is, we expect teenagers to be immature and then we make this a self-fulfilling prophecy by denying them a chance for growth. The authors of *Crestwood Heights*, a sociological study of a Toronto suburb, make the excellent point that:

> A boy whose parents cannot afford to send him to college can enter the Air Force for technical training, and to him may be entrusted a costly bomber; the Crestwood boy whose parents can, and do, send him to college is considered by many parents (and some automotive insurance companies) as an unreliable driver and a poor risk."

The Overseers of Youth

Society's representatives—judges, cops, teachers, etc.—are entrusted with the job of making adolescents remain children. It is a tough job. But the overseers of youth in bondage work hard: they're always on the lookout lest any teenager assert independence or obtain responsibility or, heaven forbid, find a sexual outlet. And just like the overseers of old, these authority figures expect teenagers to be humble and respectful, at the same time that they accord teenagers none of this courtesy. A good adolescent is a good nigger, always looking out for your ego while you spit at his. A teenager struggling for self-esteem is an uppity nigger, and in punishment he may be sold down the river, to the Southern plantations. For instance:

JUDGE IMPOSES ROAD GANG TERM FOR BACK TALK

Washington, N.D. (UPI)—A "smart alecky" youth who wore tight slacks and long hair and sideburns began six months on a road gang today for talking back to the wrong judge.

Michael A. Jones, 20, of Wilmington, was fined $25 and costs in Judge Edwin Jay Roberts Jr.'s superior court for reckless operation of an automobile. But he just didn't leave well enough alone.

"I understand how it was, with your trousers and hair," Roberts said in assessing the fine. "You go on like this and I predict in five years you'll be in prison."

When Jones walked over to pay his fine, he overheard Probation Officer Gideon Smith tell the judge how much trouble the "smart alecky" young offender had been.

"I just want you to know I'm not a thief," interrupted Jones to the judge.

The judge's voice boomed to the court clerk: "Change that judgment to six months on the roads."

For insisting that he was not a thief, that young man should have been patted on the back. His attempt to defend his self-esteem should have excited sympathy. Instead, the judge helped fulfill his own prophecy that in five years the youth would be in prison—by filling the young man with justified resentment.

The police in this country tend to treat teenagers and blacks exactly alike—as sworn enemies. As Simon and Garfunkel's Officer MacDougal puts it: "The force can't do a decent job, 'Cause the kids got no respect for the law today."

But the men and women who do the most to humiliate youngsters are teachers. True, there are a few good apples in the bunch, teachers who have pity for their students' plight and who are watchful of their self-respect. "But the teacher, dean or probation officer who genuinely sees youngsters as persons of dignity equal to himself," as Professor Friedenberg writes, "is still rather the exception."

Teachers tend to be insecure, conformist people—because they chose an occupation that is familiar and secure and doesn't require much education or mental muscle—competition. The adjectives that Professor F uses are "petty, timid and vulgar-minded." "compulsive, controlling, and punitive, with no love to lose on any youngster." Their attitude toward their charges is similar to that of welfare workers toward the needy—cold, contemptuous, and condescending. As I once heard a junior-high-school teacher say: "Teaching would be fun if it weren't for the kids." Only one out of 16 school dropouts had a number of close friends on the faculty, according to Lucius F. Cervantes S.J. (*The Dropout: Causes and Cures*), only six out of 16 school graduates did.

Cervantes writes:

> "The teacher accepts the student insofar as he is educable, not insofar as he is a person. The teacher is the representative of a compulsory and determined societal educational system which is bent upon making sure that knowledge makes an entrance—be it bloody or otherwise."

Come with me then, as we recall those gaily-colored, magical days of our young adulthood: the teachers we knew, the schools we went to.

In Peter Wyden's *Suburbia's Coddled Kids*, he tells of a girl who lost her blue cashmere sweater, which had her name in it. A week elapsed and she had not gone to the school's lost-and-found department to claim it. The principal thereupon summoned her upon the carpet and told her: "I call that lack of respect for your own property, and I doubt whether you have more respect for the property of other people." And so this girl, who may have been absent-minded, careless, nonmaterialistic, is accused of being a potential criminal. And, of course, this "coddled kid" is not expected to defend her honor. She probably just stood there, flushed and humiliated. Mr. Wyden tells this story with beaming approval of the swinish principal's conduct.

Professor F studied one typical high school, called "Milgrim," and relays this typical incident: "'Good morning, Mr. Smith,' an attractive girl will say pleasantly to one of her teachers in the corridor. 'Linda, do you have a pass to be in your locker after the bell rings?' is his greeting in reply."

Lyn Tornabene (*I Passed as a Teenager*) relates that in school she was continually being put down. Teachers would bawl her out for not looking them in the eye ("Can't you look *up* girl, when you speak?") but rarely did they look at *her* (which is why they never discovered how old she was).

A speech teacher named Roth catches her chewing gum. "How long have you been at Urban High School?" he demands. "One day," Lyn answers. He is annoyed that answer's almost *uppity*. He orders her to throw the gum away, which she does in front of the class, "feeling more embarrassed than I had felt in at least a decade."

Her homeroom teacher has it in for her and for no reason at all: "I remembered every day in her homeroom what it's like being on a teacher's shit list."

One day, Teacher Roth asks her: "What do you suppose makes you speak the way you do?" Like Oliver Twist asking for more, Lyn does the unimaginable. She replies, "What do you mean? How do I speak?"

"And then a very strange thing happened," Lyn relates. "Mr. Roth looked stunned. He looked at me quickly, said 'We'll discuss it later,' and walked away visibly disturbed. Just as quickly as I had responded, I realized the critical mistake I had made. Students simply did not challenge teachers in the classes I attended." In fact, any student brazen enough to ask a question is considered a troublemaker.

At most high schools there are rules, rules, and rules. At Milgrim, the toilets are kept locked except during class breaks. When a student has to relieve himself during class, he has to obtain a pass to roam the corridors, then find a custodian to unlock the toilet. In other schools the public phones are kept locked and a teenager needs a note to use one. "There is a regulation," Professor F also notes, "against couples holding hands and they are punished if caught by the kind of teacher who hates sexuality in the young."

High-school students have no dignity, no privacy, no freedom. Once when Professor F went to the adults' toilet for a smoke, "a teacher who had been concealed in the cubicle began jumping up and down to peer over the partition and verify my adulthood. He was not a voyeur, he was checking on smoking. In Clifton, New Jersey, the Board of Education decided to check the saliva of all high-school students to find out who was smoking marijuana (no, it can't be done), so the principal asked the youngsters' *parents* for permission. You don't ask young girls and young men if you can examine their saliva, any more than you ask a toddler who her you can examine his hair for lice. Next, I suppose, the Clifton Board of Education will have a physician check up on all the teenage girls' virginity. The girls' parents will be asked for permission, of course.

Unthinking obedience and a bland conformity are what the schools want from their students. Any other qualities—independence, vision, imagination, individuality, courage—may just have to sail out the window. Teachers Professor F maintains, "interpret solitude as unpopularity, intimacy as conducive to getting involved, colorful and original personality as a sign of emotional disorder.... The animus is directed against those of the young who are too fully alive, too completely realized.... They are disparaged...."

An elementary-school teacher, a woman, once told me what happened when she asked her pupils what they wanted to be when they grew up. One boy said, "I want to be a bird." As she gleefully related, she immediately suspected that the boy was a queer and dispatched him to the school psychologist. No doubt by the time that boy reached high school he had learned to stop being imaginative. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" "An account execu-

tive with Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn.

In short most high schools are like authoritarian families, and they can be expected to produce the type of youngster that authoritarian families produce. In *Society and the Adolescent Self-Image* psychologist Morris Rosenberg writes:

"In the authoritarian family irrational authority is the rule. Rules are followed and orders are obeyed, not because they are inherently sound or correct, but because they are transmitted from a superior to an inferior. The child is treated as lacking in dignity and value, his spirit is broken and he is forced to go along with the will of others. His independence and spontaneity thus tend to be smothered. The result is weakness and worthlessness."

Before we take our leave of American high schools, however, let us pay them one final tribute:

Gaffney S.C. (AP)- Four youths appeared in General Sessions Court in connection with a series of break-ins.

Judge Frank Epps, learning that they had quit school, gave them the choice of returning to school or going on the chain gang.

Without hesitation, all four chose the chain gang.

Parents Against Adolescents

One of the very greatest quotations of all time, a classic utterance that does not, strangely enough, appear in *Bartlett's* or in the *Home Book of Quotations*, was said by an angry mother to her browbeaten adolescent and overheard by social critic Paul Goodman. Angry mother: *"I ask you only one simple thing, to obey me!"*

Just as society and the schools insist that adolescents remain quasi-children, so do parents. Here is a not-very-unusual case history.

Sam's parents complained to the guidance counselor that despite their son's high grades in school, he was a smart aleck. Sam told this story: His father insisted that his son obey every order he gave without backtalk or explanations. Sam was interested in classical music and once he was avidly listening to Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto* on the radio when his father summoned him to dinner. Sam said he would be down in a few minutes; his father came up to Sam's room and dragged him downstairs by the arm. Sam's mother read all his mail (over his outraged objections), listened in on his phone conversations, and bought all of her son's clothes. When Sam needed money for lunch at school, his mother would oblige, but insisted that every morning Sam tell her exactly how much he would need that day. When Sam got a part-time job after school, his mother demanded that he give her all the money he made to pay for his "rent." Sam's mother would also rebuke her son if any of his grades fell below an A, but would also rebuke him for studying when she wanted him to help with the housework. Her way of asking him to help her was so tinged with sarcasm: "You couldn't possibly spare a few *precious* moments to help me vacuum this floor, *could* you?" that Sam reacted by refusing. Sam's parents would also ask him to turn when, after an evening of study, he took time out to watch a television program. At 18, although his parents wanted him to go on to college and he had excellent grades, Sam joined the Marines.

Last year, when young Linda Marie Ault of Phoenix, Arizona spent the night with a married man, her enraged parents decided that, as punishment, she would have to shoot her dog, Beauty. They took the dog and drove out into the desert, they dug a shallow grave, they handed Linda a .22-caliber pistol. She took the weapon and shot herself through the temple.

Now, society and the schools want adolescents to remain students- dependent, irresponsible, and sexless- so they will obtain the skills that our economy needs. Parents have their own reasons for wanting 15-year-olds to be 5-year-olds. A hundred years ago society wanted 15-year-olds to become farmers and laborers- and so did their struggling, physically exhausted farmer- or laborer-fathers. Nowadays pop has a white-collar job, he lives longer and works longer, and when he retires he collects Social Security and a pension. So what does he care that junior remains an infant well into his teens? "While a youth may still have some emotional and economic need for parents," writes psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, "most parents have little emotional need, and very few an economic one, for youth striving to be free of its elders." But parents *do* get an emotional charge out of bossing their adolescents around and chewing them out and living their lives for them.

Parents and adults in general, share a number of reasons for being so down on teenagers. Adolescent energy and spontaneity frighten them. They feel that they are being shunted aside by adolescents, that old age is creeping up on them. And just as sophomores haze freshmen, and veteran reporters make cubs go out for coffee, adults enjoy having the youngsters who are soon to join their exalted ranks. Then too, the skepticism of adolescents can upset adults. According to G.A.P., "Some of the outmoded, ineffectual, and even harmful approaches to life upon which adults have based their lives may be mercilessly exposed by adolescent skepticism." A teenager is talking about his parents:

"I don't understand their purpose in life. They don't seem to be doing anything. They just seem to be living in their own world with their own beliefs. They think they are right in everything. I like rock 'n' roll and they say it is 'nigger music'. They think they are religious and they think they have high morals. My mother says she has perfect morals and nobody has better morals than she does. She doesn't know the first thing about morals! I disagree with my family's morals on everything."

I have saved for the very last the most interesting reason why parents, teachers, judges, cops, and almost every adult in American society has it in for teenagers. Shocking as it may seem, many adults are sexually attracted by teenagers, and loathe the object of their own shamefully hidden desires. The adolescent boy, as Professor F. points out, may be a threat to an adult because, "simply by being young, he serves as a stimulus to repressed homosexual feelings in adult males." It's the same story with parents. According to G.A.P., "the vigorous, healthy, attractive youngster can be an object of sexual interest to parents, partly consciously and partly unconsciously. Adult intolerance and avoidance of adolescents often serve much the same defensive purposes as does the adolescent repudiation of the parents... The overstrictness of some parents in trying to curb any sexual experience in their adolescent offspring can paradoxically be accompanied by seductive, sexually stimulating parental behavior which excites the very emotions the parent is at pains to proscribe. For example, a father may share the bathroom with his teenage daughter in the morning when they both are dressed only in undergarments." And Sophie Portnoy may play the *femme fatale* to her son Alexander.

The Mark of Oppression

The adolescent in American society, to sum up, is taught and trained to be obedient. He is rarely entrusted with any responsibility. Sexually he is supposed to be a eunuch. And then in a deafening clap of thunder and a brilliant lightning flash, SHAZAM! when the smoke clears we see that he has turned into an adult who never needs anybody's help but can work without supervision, an adult who can be given any task to perform and because of his supreme self-confidence will do his job superbly, an adult who is a veritable stallion in bed with his wife.

Sure.

"As adulthood approaches," G.A.P. reports, "difficulties in adjustment are likely to confront the adolescent who has been too stringently inculcated with attitudes of dependency, obedience and abstinence from sexual behavior, particularly when the criteria of success in adulthood are independence, self-direction, assumption of responsibility, and sexual performance." And there we have it spelled out to the letter. Portnoy's complaint.

Instead of worrying our heads off about the small number of juvenile delinquents, over the small number of teenagers who use heroin, we really should be worrying about the majority of teenagers who will never make it as anonymous adults. Just as the mark of oppression on blacks is a deep abiding sense of inferiority, the mark of oppression on today's teenagers is a slavish obedience, a deep-seated gutlessness. As an adult employee, he expects to be mothered, to be given special sympathy, he hates working without supervision, and gravitates to a large corporation where he can be a happy, aceless cog in the whole. In society he plays follow the leader, taking his opinions wholesale from other people. At home, he may find that sex with his wife is not nearly so pleasant as autoerotic activity with the fantasized damsels of his adolescence, or he may find that the virgin he married is as frigid as the Snow Queen.

This is what the Gallup Poll has to report about today's teenagers:

"Our typical youth will settle for low success rather than risk high failure. He has little spirit of adventure. He wants to marry early at 23 or 24, after a college education. He wants two or three children and a spouse who is 'affectionate, sympathetic, considerate, and moral'; rarely does he want a mate with intelligence, curiosity, or ambition. He wants a little ranch house, an inexpensive new car, a job with a large company, and a chance to watch TV each evening after the smiling children are asleep in bed.

He is a reluctant patriot who expects nuclear war in his time and would rather compromise than risk an all-out war. He is highly religious yet winks at dishonesty. He wants very little because he has so much and is unwilling to risk what he has. Essentially he is quite conservative and cautious. He is old before his time, almost middle-aged in his teens."

Remember what novelist Edward Bulwer-Lytton said in the 19th Century- that in the lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail"? He had never met today's teenagers.

There are a few more clues about what happens to these Obedient Americans when they finally are allowed to become adults and are finally expected to act like adults.

Fred Hechinger, of all people, writes that American GI's in London or Paris are helpless. "Although their pockets are full of money and every opportunity and privilege is extended to them, the number of soldiers who are bored and at a loss to know what to do is appalling.... The American tourist abroad or even at home is not far different. The invention of the 'social director' in American hotels and resorts gives ample testimony that even the adult who lacks background and training does not want just to be permitted to do what he wants to do. He wants to be told, directed, pushed.

Perhaps we can now explain why 38 people living in Queens heard Kitty Genovese's screams for help but did nothing. Nobody gave them permission to call the police, nobody *told* them to run out and help the dying woman.

I once heard of a similar incident, at a ski resort. A boy had been riding up a high on a T-bar but midway up he fell off. He quickly moved out of the path of the ascending T-bars, but right into the path of the *descending* T-bars. There was at least a 3-second interval before one descending T-bar smashed the boy on the head. And yet none of the skiers going up the hill, and none of them waiting at the bottom for their turn on the T-bar, sang out a word of warning. Everyone just waited there and watched close-mouthed.

During the Korean War, according to the Defense Department, "eighty-one" one out of every three American prisoners in Korea was guilty of some sort of collaboration with the enemy." These prisoners simply transferred their obedience to their new bosses- as did the *Pueblo* crew- almost to a man. It would have been fun if on the *Pueblo* among the obedient sailors, there had been the likes of Abbie Hoffman and H. Rap Brown. You think *they* would have signed confessions so obediently?

And yet it is just the H. Rap Browns and the Abbie Hoffmans- individualists and leaders of men- who are held up as *bad* examples for today's teenagers. Be like David Eisenhower instead- obedient, quiet, God-fearing and parent-fearing, conservative in everything, and as dull as dishwater.

The Adolescent Revolution

Comes the revolution, younger teens will be petting madly, older teens will be having passionate love affairs. Any teen who accidentally becomes a family man or a mother will be encouraged to remain in school. Any teen who wants a meaningful, important part-time job will have one for the asking. Any teen who just can't stand school will be allowed to drop out. The power that parents have over their youngsters will be reduced, by law and any youngster who runs away from home will be allowed to remain away from home- and his parents will be obliged to pay him alimony.

But until a hundred summers pass, we can expect pretty much of the same.

In the meantime, before the real revolution comes, we can do something to ensure that it will be a small one. Even if the discontinuities remain, even if most teenagers are kept submissive, powerless, and sex-starved, we can do something to make their lives a little less miserable. Just as we gave black people integrated schools as a consolation prize, we could institute a "rite of passage" for all our adolescents, a dramatic symbolic act that would tell adolescents that they are now, technically, adults, and they have all the rights of adults- an act that would terrify judges, cops, teachers, and parents that these young men and women are just as grown-up as they are.

Professor Horrocks points out, "One of the clearest distinctions in the treatment of adolescents as between primitive cultures and those of the West is the absence, in Western culture, of a definite ceremonial line of demarcation that separates childhood from adolescence." American society does have its rites of passage but there are too many- it's a mishmash. At 12, a boy pays full price at the movies, at 16 or 17 he can get a driver's license, at 18 or 21 he can drink at a public bar, at 18 he can be drafted at 21 he can vote. And because there's no clear-cut rite of passage Horrocks writes, "the individual is never quite secure in the early days of his maturity (adolescence), for his maturity has not been recognized and people's behavior toward him is inconsistent. His position is frequently anomalous: he is treated as an adult sometimes but not always."

If all American adolescents, upon reaching the age of (say) 16, were given the right to vote, the right to drink, the right to drive, and the right to marry without their parents' consent, we could expect our 16-year-olds to become almost as mature and responsible as the current crop of 16-year-olds aren't.

Make no mistake. Just as a sexual revolution was inevitable just as a college-student revolution was inevitable, just as a black revolution was inevitable, we are going to have an adolescent revolution. The years of schooling are increasing, automation is making jobs for teenagers scarcer and scarcer, and our youngsters with all their vitamins and drugs are getting ever more physically mature. If society doesn't redress this miserable situation, our teenagers will. Indeed, the vague anxiety that most adults have about adolescents today is akin to the vague anxiety of antebellum whites fearful of a slaves' rebellion. "All around the world youth is stirring," Margaret Mead points out. "Often that stirring is the blind movement of disorganized mobs. There is a restlessness that is widely expressed in demands for privilege, for power for change..." In every region of the United States, in over 2000 high schools and junior high schools, there have been teenager disruptions. According to Alan F. Westin of Columbia, school disruptions have even occurred in such strange places as Edcouch, Texas (pop. 2800) and Billings, Montana (pop. 55,000). Three out of five principals report some active protest in their schools and the protests in junior high schools are almost as numerous as the protests in senior high schools. According to the *Times*, "officials and professional education groups are expecting, with growing anxiety, an even greater wave of protests in the future." Even mass culture is beginning to recognize the grievances of adolescents and Henry Aldrich is going the way of Stepin Fetchit. The film *Pretty Poison* zeroes in on teenager-hating cops, and when Tuesday Weld's mother slaps her, why Tuesday slaps her right back, in a reprise of the scene in *In the Heat of the Night* where Sidney Poitier returns the slap of a rich white Southerner. The documentary film *High School* focuses on the deadness and sternity of America's high schools. In Amanda Blake's (Warren Miller's) novel *The Bright Young Things*, we get an explicit expression of this new awareness: "Growing up is a process of betrayal. To achieve adulthood we betray our instincts, our values, even our bodies."

It only remains to be seen how violent the inevitable adolescent revolution will be.

DESERTED ISLAND

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

BY WILTON S. DILLON

A PLAY IN ONE SCENE BY DAN GREENBURG

A room in a medium-priced New York hotel. Two twin beds. Twin luggage racks. A night table with a lamp, an ashtray and a telephone on top of it. A door in the middle of the back wall.

It is evening. There is a knock at the door. After a moment, it opens and Riley enters, carrying a suitcase. He is a conservatively dressed man in his late thirties, and wears a gray business suit with a conventioneer's badge on his lapel.

Riley puts his suitcase down on one of the luggage racks and opens it. He takes off his jacket, puts it on the bed, looks briefly at the other bed, and unloosens his tie.

There is another knock at the door and before Riley can get there it opens, revealing Walters. Walters is also in his late thirties, also wears a business suit with a conventioneer's badge on his lapel, but he is broader and bigger than Riley.

Walters
Hi.

(Enters room, looks around, puts down his suitcase, and sticks out his hand toward Riley)

Name's Walters. Marshall City.

Riley
(Shakes hands)

Riley, Terre Haute.

Walters
Glad to meet ya, Riley. You in town for the same confab I am?

Riley
Reckon so.

Walters
Looks like we're gonna be bunkmates for a couple days then, Riley, if that's O.K. with you.

Riley
Suits me, Walters. Guess they're really packin' them in here this time.

Walters
Yep.

(Swings his suitcase onto his luggage rack and snaps it open)

Two in every room. Three in some. I hear.

(Takes off his jacket and throws it on the bed. Loosens his tie)

Riley
I don't mind sharing a room at all. Less lonely that way.

Walters
(Looks at him quickly. Pause)

I usually try and get a room to myself if I can. Less like a barracks that way, if you know what I mean.

Riley
(Quick look at Walters. Pause)

I asked them for a private room. They said they were doubling up to accommodate the convention.

Walters
Don't get me wrong. I don't *mind* sharing a room. With *you*, I mean.

(Pause)

I mean, I don't know you from Adam, but you look like a good joe to me.

Pause. Laughs uncomfortably)

I mean, you don't look like no queer, anyway.

(They both laugh uncomfortably. Pause)

Lots of queers in the service. You been in the service, Riley?

Riley
Uh, yeah.

Walters
What service?

Riley
Navy.

Walters
The Navy, eh? I was in the Marine Corps myself. The Navy ain't too bad, I guess.

(Pause

At least it's not as loaded with them as the Air Force, eh?

(Both laugh)

I hear they do have quite a few queers in the Navy, though.

Pause

Riley
(Suddenly flops down on floor, does ten fast push-ups, flips over on his back and does ten sit-ups, then stands up and slaps the dust off. Slightly out of breath)

I do that about six times a day. It's the only way to keep in shape. Been doing that every day since I was a kid, as a matter of fact. Chin-ups and sit-ups during the day, burpees and running-in-place every night before I go to bed. Little teams and swimming on the weekends, sometimes a fast game of handball or squash at the Y if I get home early enough on week nights.

Pause,

You work out at all?

Walters
Naw, not much. Little golf on the weekends. Little sandlot ball in the summer with the company team. That's about all. You can overdo that physical stuff, too, you know.

Riley
What do you mean?

Walters
Uh, you know. Those guys who are always running over to the gym to lift weights and stuff like that. Always pumping up their biceps. Rubbing grease on their bodies and looking at themselves in the mirror. If ya ask me, those physical-culture guys are bigger queers than the ones who wear ladies' underpants under their suits.

Riley
Pause,

I've never lifted weights myself.

Walters
Neither have I.

Riley
You couldn't pay me to lift one of those barbells.

Walters
Me either.

Riley
(Pause)

Not that I couldn't if I wanted to.

Pause,

The only exercise *I* do is the kind that *lengthens* the muscles. Athletics. Your team sports. Baseball.

(Checks Walters to see if he approves,

basketball, ... volleyball.

Walters
Volleyball? That's a girls' game.

Riley
(Quickly)

I meant boys' rules, but there are others I like better. Soccer.

Walters
Isn't that what those British queers play?

Riley
(Quickly)

and, of course, football, which is probably my favorite sport of all. Yes sir. There's nothing quite like slipping into the old football gear on a brisk October afternoon with the leaves all red and gold or crunchy brown under your spikes, hearing the ball being snapped from center, taking the hand-off, spinning and running wide around your own right end and down the far side good for ten, fifteen, *twenty* yards before you're stopped and brought down hard by a solid wall of human flesh.

Walters
(Pause)

I don't know. All that body contact. All that reaching down behind a man between his legs to get the ball. All those men lying on top of other men after a tackle. If you ask me, those football guys are bigger queers than the physical culture queers.

Riley
Pause)

I don't, uh, actually play anything but *touch* football.

Pause

You sure seem to know a lot about queers.

Walters
I hate the bastards.

Riley
So do I. I hate 'em like poison.

Walters
Any time I see one, I beat the hell out of him.

Riley
Me too. The bastards.

Walters
I can spot 'em a mile off, too.

Riley
Me too.

Pause)

How do you spot 'em?

Walters
Well, outside of the *obvious* things, like being a dancer, an actor, a painter, a writer, a musician, or owning a cat or a poodle, or having long hair, or knowing how to cook, or being skinny or fat or built too good, or being a Communist or a member of some fruity protest group—you can tell by the way they move. By the fruity way they do things.

Riley
I know just what you mean.

(Pause,

Like what kind of things, for example?

Walters
Oh, you know. Like the way they sit.

Riley
Yeah. How do they sit?

Walters
You know. The way they cross their legs.

(Pause

Sit down.

Riley
What?

Walters
Sit down.

Riley
(Pause

Sit down?

Walters
Yeah, sit down.

Riley
Pause

Why?

Walters
Because I said to.

(Pause. Riley sits down very cautiously on the bed.

Cross your legs.

Riley
(Pause,

Cross my legs?

Walters
Right.

(Pause. Riley very cautiously crosses his legs by resting his right ankle on his left knee,

There. You did it right. If you was a queer, you would of done it like this.

(Sits down on bed and crosses his legs by resting his right knee on his left knee,

Riley
Oh.

(Relieved smile. Stands up.)

Walters
(Suddenly,

Look at your fingernails.

(Riley, startled, raises his hand- palm up and closed--and looks at his fingernails,

You did that right, too. A queer would of done it like this.

(Raises hand- palm down and open--and looks at his fingernails)

Riley
Right.

Walters
(Reaches for a pack of cigarettes and offers one to Riley,

Smoke?

Riley
Oh, thanks.

(Takes one out of pack and sticks it in extreme right side of mouth)

Walters
Match?

Riley
Thanks.

(Pause,

Oh, I'm sorry.

(Goes to bed, fumbles in his jacket pockets, finds a book of matches, starts to light one, reconsiders and does it over again with cupped hands and an exaggerated masculine manner, as Walters watches him carefully. Riley waves the flame of the match out,

Walters
Good. A queer would of blown it out.

Riley
Right.

(Puffs on cigarette. Walks across room, gets ashtray, and returns. Takes cigarette out of mouth in exaggerated Marlboro-ad fashion, holding it with thumb and tips of all four fingers. He holds it over the ashtray and taps the ash off by flicking the opposite end of the cigarette with his finger,

Walters
A queer would of done it like this.

(Holds cigarette between tips of thumb and second finger, taps cigarette just behind ash with first finger)

Riley
Right.

Walters
Do you drink?

Riley
Drink? Hell, yes. Every chance I get. Usually I have a drink the minute I get up in the morning and just keep going that way all day long. I'm sort of a chain-drinker. I also hold my liquor damned well. Never had a hangover or thrown up a single day in my life. Not only that --

Walters
There's nothing wrong with hangovers.

Riley
Oh.

Walters
What do you drink when you drink? None of them fruity *mixed* drinks, I hope?

Riley
Hell, no. Although in all fairness I must admit that somebody once gave me a martini by mistake. Didn't like it much, however. Spit it out on the floor, as a matter of fact.

Walters
What do ya drink when you're not drinking martinis?

Riley
Whiskey. Good old *bourbon* whiskey.

Walters
(Pause)

With what?

Riley
With nothing. Straight. No sissy soda, no faggy water, nothing.

Walters
(Looks coyly away from Riley.)

Ever mix it with ginger ale?

Riley
(Outraged,

With *what?*

Walters
Ginger ale.

Riley
Hell no.

Walters
Why not?

Riley
Up your ass!

Walters
(Pause)

What brand do you drink?

Riley
(Pause. A note of panic creeps into his voice)

What brand do I drink?

Walters
Yeah. What brand do you drink?

Riley
(Pause. Bravely.)

What brand do *you* drink?

Walters
I don't drink bourbon. I drink beer.

Riley
(Pause. Miserably)

Beer, eh?

Walters
Yeah, beer.

Riley
(Pause,

I see.

(Pause,

Listen, do you have the time?

Walters
The time?

Riley
Yeah.

Walters
(Looks at his watch,

It's just about midnight. Why?

Riley
Midnight!

(Slams his fist into his open palm,

Shit!

Walters
What's the matter?

Riley
(Slams his fist into his palm again)

Piss!

Walters
What's wrong?

Riley
(Slams his fist into his palm again,

Lord!

Walters
What is it?

Riley
(Slams his fist into the wall,

Crap!

Walters
Riley?

Riley
(Slams his fist into his suitcase)

Fart!

Walters
Riley?

Riley
(Kicks a chair)

Tit!

Walters
Hey, Riley?

Riley
(Kicks the bed)

Yeah?

Walters
What the hell is wrong with you?

Riley
I just realized I haven't had a woman in over two hours!

Walters
(Impressed)

Two hours?

Riley
Yeah. Christ, I'm nearly going out of my mind.

Begins feverishly pacing around the room)

Walters
Who did you have two hours ago?

Riley
The girl at the desk.

(Punches the wall)

God. I can hardly stand it!

Walters
What do you wanna do? You wanna send for one?

Riley
(Pause,

Right now, you mean?

Walters
Yeah, now.

Riley
Sure. How?

Walters
This is New York, isn't it? This is a convention, isn't it?

(Walks over and picks up phone)

Hello, room service? Yeah, this is Room 346. We'd like a woman up here.

(Pause,

Yeah, a woman.

(Pause

Just a minute. I'll ask.

(To Riley)

Blonde, brunette, or redhead?

Riley
Blonde.

Walters
(Into phone,

Blonde.

(Pause)

Yeah.

(Pause,

Just a minute, I'll ask.

(To Riley,

Platinum, honey, or strawberry?

Riley
Strawberry.

Walters
(Into phone)

Strawberry.

(Pause,

Right.

(Pause)

Just a minute. I'll ask.

(To Riley,

Ectomorph, endomorph, or mesomorph?

Riley
Endomorph.

Walters
(Into phone,

Endomorph.

(Pause)

Right.

(Pause,

Just a minute, I'll ask.

(To Riley,

Catholic, Presbyterian, or Jewish?

Riley
Ask them if they've got Ethical Culturist. If not, I'll take Seventh-Day Adventist.

Walters
(Into phone,

Listen, ya got any Ethical Culturists down there?

(Pause,

Good. We'll take one of those.

Riley
And tell them as fast as possible.

Walters
(Into phone

Right. And as fast as possible.

(Pause)

Right. O.K., thanks.

(Hangs up phone)

She'll be right up.

Riley
Good. They really have a nice selection here in New York, don't they?

Walters
Yeah.

Riley
I'm glad I suggested this. I was really getting horny.

Walters
Yeah. You know something? You're O.K., Riley. I mean --

Riley
Thanks.

Walters
When I first came in here tonight I thought you might be a queer or something, but I was wrong. You're a regular guy.

Riley
Thanks, Walters.

Walters
With some guys you never can tell, not even with guys you've known for years. They may *look* O.K. They may *act* O.K. But then some time when you least expect it, usually when you're in some place alone somewhere with them, suddenly they'll up and do something fruity.

Riley
I know.

Walters
I had this friend once. Knew him for years, *Years.* I never suspected a thing. And then one day when we were off hunting together he ups and touches my God damned *arm* for Christ's sake!

Riley
You're kidding me.

Walters
He just ups and touches my God damned arm. A guy I've known for years. Can you beat that?

Riley
It's frightening, that's what it is. The bastards.

Walters
Who can ya trust, for God's sake, if a guy you've known for *years* would pull that kind of shit on you?

Riley
You're right.

Pause)

What did you say to this guy?

Walters
What did I *say* to him? I laid him out cold, that's what I said to him. I've never seen the bastard since.

Riley
Boy, I don't blame you.

(Pause,

I sure wish this little blonde would hustle her ass up here already.

Walters
Me too. I can hardly wait.

Riley
Me either.

(Begins pacing off to the left,

What time is it now?

Walters
(Looks at his watch

Almost 12:20.

Riley
Almost 12:20! Boy, I wish she'd hurry!

(Continues pacing,

Walters
Me too.

(Begins pacing feverishly off to the right)

(Suddenly there is a knock at the door. They both jump)

Riley
It's her!

Walters
Come in!

(The door opens and a blonde Call Girl walks breathlessly into the room and closes the door behind her,

Riley
Well, hello.

Call Girl
I got here as fast as I could.

(Walters suddenly frowns and begins to stare fixedly at Girl, in obviously deep concentration)

Riley
I'm Riley, and this here is Walters.

Call Girl
Pleased to meet ya.

(Pulls dress over head and hangs it up in closet, smoothes out her short chemise,

I'm Brenda. Who's first?

Riley
Well, I don't know.

(Turns to Walters)

Who goes first, Walters, me or you?

Walters
(Still frowning,

Listen, Riley, you go ahead and do whatever you want. I'm not going in on this after all.

(Both Girl and Riley turn and stare at him)

Riley
You aren't? Why the hell not?

Walters
Because I been thinking and I just realized something in the nick of time.

Riley
Oh yeah? What did you realize?

Walters
That going to bed with a woman is just another way some guys try to prove they're real men. You show me any man who goes to bed with women a lot, I show you a queer every time.

(Curtain)

John and Yoko Ono:

B[illegible]

It did not exactly surprise me that John Lennon had teeth but I was stupidly astonished that by this time his teeth had not become in some way perfect and beyond prosaic dentistry. When Yoko suggested on the telephone that we have our first meeting at the dentist's office "where we are going because John has an appointment there," I was touched by her breeze-soft voice and by a certain caressing of the first person plural pronoun, it was an emphasis she gave that important little word which is noticeable only in the speech of young brides who are just getting used to a new conjugation and agreement. It was a surprising emphasis from someone who has been married twice and has had indeed hardly any chance ever to use the singular. John and Yoko carry journalists like puppies carry fleas, and his dental day was marked for brushing us all off. Having had the door to the waiting room firmly slammed in my face by a lady photographer from *Look* magazine and some ardent young people from Dutch television who were interviewing Yoko, I waited in a small antechamber with two dental assistants, young girls who were being remarkably blasé about their famous patient. A small ripple passed over us when a third assistant came out of the surgery to announce that "John's bridge fits perfectly," but it seemed to be more professional excitement than anything else. "What a miracle that bridge fits," one white-coated girl said to me. "He's always canceling his appointments, and teeth shift with time, you know."

Equipped with this recherché bit of information I was admitted at last to the waiting room where a very fragile, very tiny Yoko Ono sat, not altogether happy

at seemed to me, under floodlights, flashbulbs, and questions from an intense young Dutchman who bore a striking resemblance to Danny the Red. Yoko smiled at me apologetically and her face blossomed under the dark hair: she has a smile of profound sweetness which transforms her wide, boyish features and makes them almost glamorous. Her little hands were making petal motions, dainty and somehow incomplete, as she foxed the Dutch radical with her delicate theories. "Money," she was saying, "is just a concept. You see, actually, money is not money." The boy did not see at all, he moved the microphone of his tape recorder closer to Yoko's mouth as if the mechanism could pick up something that was escaping him. "John can pay with a song. Materialism is just 20 per cent of existence." The percentage was produced triumphantly, as a hard fact, as a fact harder to say, than the price we have to pay for John's records. With soft enthusiasm she talked about art, which belongs in the streets, about museums, which should be turned inside out, and about communications, which have something to do with the post offices of the world cooperating in a fatuous endeavor to collect a picture of every human being alive, smiling. The microphone approached like an ice-golly, the *Look* photographer, having stood in every possible corner of the room, now climbed on a table, and suddenly the door opened and all eyes, as to machinery, by attention flew to John Lennon.

John Lennon is remarkable among celebrities. Unlike George Harrison, whom I was to meet later and who looks like someone who looks like George Harrison, John Lennon is immediately, indubitably, and definitely John Lennon. His eyes, clever eyes and slightly mocking, moved swiftly around the room and seemed to register secrets. He greeted us all, in his attractive Liverpool sing-song. John was natty in a black velvet suit and a rainbow shirt, while Yoko was without vanity or jewelry in a big blue pull-over and black trousers. Dedicated vegetarians, they both wore white tennis shoes instead of leather, and when John sat next to Yoko on the sofa a distinct resemblance between them under their center partings was obvious. They could have been two flowers on the same dark stem.

Yoko snuggled against John and kissed him several times, causing the *Look* photographer nearly to fall off the table and causing the rest of us that touch of chill one feels when lovers become publicly exclusive. As soon as John had entered the room, Yoko's lazy self-confidence was replaced by a shy, maternal attitude, she seemed to defer to John (who was taking rapidly), to beam upon him, and I realized, heaven help me, that this article was going to be a love story.

Man to man at last, the young Provo-type asked about politics and John quoted from the Beatles' record "Revolution" in which we are assured by one group which could have helped to do it, that they "don't want to change the world." "The Establishment doesn't exist," John said. "All that exists are old people and when young people get through and change it they will be it. They will be the Establishment."

Let me say about politics, John," Yoko said, and she could have been tugging at his sleeve, "because I have some opinions."

"Oh, yeah?" John said, drawing back to look at her and using the ineffable northern inflection. "You do?"

She didn't, or at least not so I could tell, and the microphone trembled under her Oriental consonants eager to get back to John. "I was going to say almost the same thing that John was saying," Yoko said, summing up, and the microphone left her.

There seems to be a pact between John and Yoko, probably instinctive and unspoken, that when the conversation is about art and the arts Yoko is set loose like a pretty moth, anything else, taxes, politics, police raids, is John's province. They met, after all, about two years ago in a gallery surrounded by her work, and that meeting has earned Yoko a measure of deference. About his topics, John is very worldly and very funny. Taxes, he suggested, presented him with money problems that the rest of us could hardly even imagine, he quoted from the Beatles' record "The Taxman," and shook his head. "I'm not sure about taxes," he said, with a vagueness that is more Yoko's characteristic than his own. He had been genuinely distressed by the police raid on his flat, but he described it in terms that made the incident sound like the chase sequence from a silent film. "So all of a sudden, like, there is this knock on the door and a woman's voice outside and, I look around and there is this policeman standing in the window wanting to be let in. We'd been in bed and our (he made a mock prudish face) lower regions were uncovered. Like Yoko ran into the bathroom to get dressed with her head poking out so they wouldn't think she was hiding anything. And then I said, 'Ring the lawyer, quick,' but she went and rang Apple. I'll never know why. So then they got us for obstruction which was ridiculous because we only wanted to get our clothes on."

"We don't want violence," Yoko said, and then looked worried as John began to talk again.

"Well, I don't know. When I was at school I might have hoped for complete destruction. You know, as a Happening. I might have gone on the out." He was contrite and smiled at Yoko, "I just feel like disagreeing tonight," he said, "it must be the dentist." Ultimately, and about most things philosophical, John and Yoko and Yoko's ancestors (members of some great Japanese families), are in perfect accord. "I believe in reincarnation," John said and Yoko bowed her head a little, curling up tighter next to him. "I believe that I have been black, been a Jew, been a woman, but even as a woman, you can make it."

"Woman is the nigger of the world," Yoko said and I had to wonder where that sweeping statement placed Negro women. "But as a woman you can make it, like John said. You can make it because you're a woman."

"All we've got to solve is our own heads," said John, a typically staccato sequitur peculiar to lovers in agreement. The *Look* photographer's camera hissed and clicked.

"That's a nice sound, isn't it, John?" Yoko said like a stockbroker's young spouse learning to take a wifely interest in parties and mutual bonds.

* * *

Ask anyone in the village, absolutely anyone, where John Lennon lives and he will direct you to an expensive, exclusive housing estate just outside town. The house rambles over a large plot of land, a jumble of tat, some of it expensive and most of it in whimsical taste, makes the rooms look like stalls in a fashionable bazaar. There are few rugs on the floor and little furniture, but this sparseness is probably because John wants to sell the house and find another one further from London, or perhaps it is because his ex-wife claimed her share of his worldly goods. A big, bare central room is called "The Gallery" and holds most of Yoko's work.

If Yoko has "The Gallery," it is the man from Lancashire who has claimed the heart of the house, the warm kitchen and a tiny, cozy extension behind it with a wall of glass facing a splendid view. Given permission by a harassed secretary who was only too eager to see my back, I spread some sesame paste on wholemeal bread and flirted with John's eight beautiful cats who warm themselves at the cooker between getting pregnant and, unlike the rest of their household, are carnivorous. Yoko, John, and John's little boy Julian who was visiting for the day, joined me in the glassed-in sitting room. The mood was serene and homey, it was a mood that John and Yoko created easily, and obviously the one they like best in their world. "We're looking forward to our retirement," John said, stretching his tennis shoes toward the fire. "Having created everything we want, we'll just settle down on a farm."

"I'm still hung up on work. I can't help working," Yoko said. "That's beautiful, but," she added with one of those butterfly leaps so difficult to make coherent, "if I get over it, it will be better. All this hassle. Then we'll just be together," said the romantic from the East. Then Yoko, who has a light-footed and nervous energy, began to fret over some eggs which the chauffeur was slow in bringing up from town. John skimmed the daily papers, and Julian pretended to smoke a joss stick.

"It is magic," Julian said, looking out at the late navy-blue sky. "Is it black?" Julian is a delicate child in looks and seems extraordinarily intelligent, he moves like his father with both fists jammed into his pockets and slightly pigeon-toed walk. When John got up to deliver Julian to the car that was to take him to London, Yoko gave me a nervous, uncertain look. "Oh, no, John," she said, following him out, "I'm not going to be alone." It was certainly not the first time I had the impression that when John leaves the room, Yoko is only half there, distracted, her sentences becoming even more vague as her mind follows him to the car, to the telephone, through the labyrinth. When they sit together in their convoluted fashion, she touches John frequently as if to make sure he is there in more than simple view.

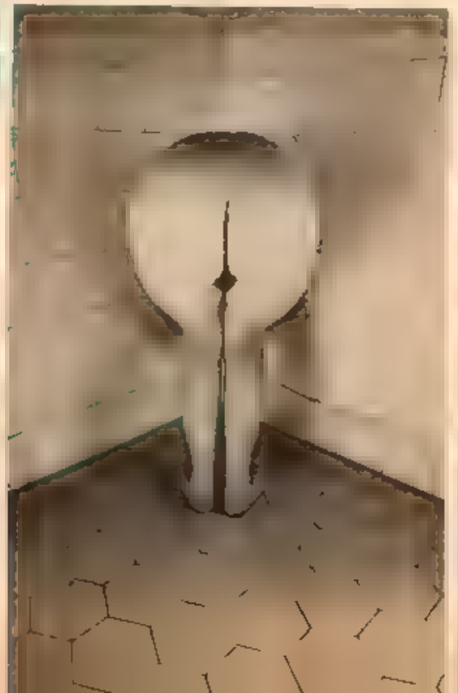
Daughter of a rich Japanese banker and the first of three children, Yoko was born in 1933 and had a world away from Liverpool. She is a cusp between Aquarius and Pisces and has an astrological temperament, she assured me, quite suitable for John's Libra. Her education was peripatetic, it began with voice and piano in Japan which she exchanged for philosophy when she began to call herself a poet. She continued her schooling at Sarah Lawrence College, the expensive girls' school where psychoanalysis is practically a required course. She dropped out of Sarah Lawrence and joined the nascent world of Happenings in Greenwich Village with her first husband, a Japanese avant-garde composer. "Perhaps education is better now in America," she said, "the girls can live in the dormitory with their men."

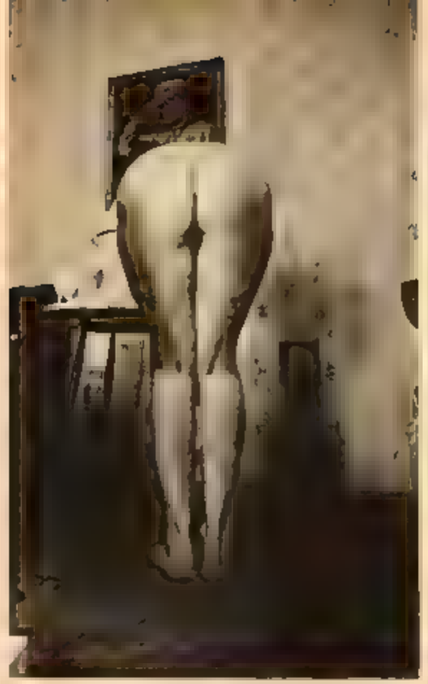
Back in Japan after the collapse of her marriage, she stunned her countrymen with her unclassical approach to art. "Japanese art is terrible. All these men were on this kick about science-fiction, but I came across with the mind thing. In Japan they think of me as a Happening, but the Happening people think my things are too soft. Do you think my things are feminine, John?" She nudged him lightly, he looked up from his newspaper. "No," he said, "of course not." She sat back. "It's because my pieces are more interested in peace," she said. Having suffered a nervous breakdown, Yoko finally returned to New York. Her second husband, Anthony Cox, an American painter, is the father of her only child, a little girl named Kyoko. "They are both now in the Virgin Islands, having divorced me."

In the kitchen, when the eggs had arrived at last, Yoko sliced leeks with the artistry of a sea-cook and tossed them lightly in hot butter. "I feel that I'm getting younger. Even physically. It is partly the diet because, you see, you are what you eat," she said with a confidence that would astonish a biologist. "And it is also the fact that I have met John. This year has been hard." She paused, holding an egg in her right hand. "We were arrested," she said, and once again I sensed the acute distress that John had expressed when he asked about the unhappy and probably unnecessary incident. It was a distress, I believe, that arose less from the sordid nature of the incident than it did from the fact that a chink in their bubble was revealed, a little space through which the minions of society could enter. I would bet that Yoko cried on the night of their arrest. She cracked the egg and spoiled it lightly around the leeks. "And then there was the miscarriage. But it's like a game. Everything is like a game if there is somebody else, and now I have John."

And John has Yoko. For the moment at least he has serenity, affectionate glances over deep bowls of scrambled eggs, and syncopated wriggling in big, black sacks which could have been contrived by Yoko to make a resting place from a world that would love to devour her man.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER





BY WARREN BOROSON

LAST YEAR, THE WEST GERMAN RED CROSS WAS INVOLVED IN A SHOCKING SCANDAL—A SCANDAL THAT YOU CERTAINLY DIDN'T READ A WORD ABOUT, BECAUSE THE AMERICAN MASS MEDIA DECIDED TO HUSH THE WHOLE THING UP

The Red Cross is the richest and most powerful humanitarian organization in the world, with chapters in over 100 countries and with over 100,000,000 members. Foremost among the chapters is the American branch, which has 28,000,000 adult members and 18,000,000 junior members, and which in fiscal 1967-68 doled out the heady sum of $ 22,457,000, all of it obtained from contributions.

Now you may not remember it but once upon a time the Red Cross was subject to criticism. People would point out that the American chapter is rather racist (for instance, in World War II it insisted in labeling all blood that was donated as either "black" or "white" so injured white men could have a choice). The American Red Cross is also pretty right-wing (it won't help the families of strikers even if they're starving, once, when someone politely suggested that the ARC help the families of strikers in the Kentucky coal fields, the entire governing board of the Harlan County Chapter huffily threatened to resign). Finally critics have pointed out that the American Red Cross resembles an old folks home for Junior Leaguers, a place where socialites can dabble at do-gooding. As the late labor leader John L. Lewis once put it, the Red Cross is undemocratic "surrounded and controlled as it is by a social fringe." "It is too close a corporation," the Great John L. went on. "It is too near the wellsprings of American finance and those who set themselves up as being American aristocracy. There are chapters and units of the Red Cross in various sections of the country that are nothing more nor less than exclusive clubs or social organizations from which the average American is debarred."

No longer is the Red Cross fair game. Today, criticizing the Red Cross any branch of it is akin to praising Ho Chi Minh, and most American newspapers, magazines, and TV stations wouldn't dream of spreading any such heresy and antagonizing powerful Red Cross leaders. For a case in point let us look at what happened last year, when the West German Red Cross and several other branches did a terrible thing. They alerted hundreds of Nazi criminals that time was running out for them and justice was closing in.

The protagonist of this tragedy is Simon Wiesenthal, the 60-year-old Nazi-hunter. Mr. Wiesenthal spent four years in over a dozen Nazi concentration camps. 89 of his relatives, including his mother, were murdered by the Nazis. After the war Wiesenthal determined to dedicate his life to tracking down the most vicious of the Nazis. Today he is in charge of a private organization, the Documentation Center, in Vienna, where he and a few assistants use every scrap of information they can get to locate the whereabouts of wanted Nazi criminals. Once they find out where one is hiding, they pass this information on to the country seeking the Nazi (West Germany, Austria, France etc.), and the country tries to get the Nazi extradited and prosecuted. It was Simon Wiesenthal who, after 16 years of searching, discovered the hiding place of Adolf Eichmann. It was Simon Wiesenthal who located the Nazi who had arrested Anne Frank.

Since beginning his work, Wiesenthal has amassed a list of 22,500 missing Nazi criminals. How many has he brought to justice? A mere 900. Finding missing Nazi criminals is, after all, backbreaking work. Their names may not even be known. Of the 6000 S.S. men at Auschwitz, for example, only 900 have been identified. Then too, throughout the world there are Nazi sympathizers, people eager to help conceal Nazi criminals and warn them if anybody is asking questions. And many countries just won't extradite Nazi criminals—among them Egypt, of course, but also many South American countries, a few of which (like Paraguay) are indiscriminately pro-German.

Early last year, Wiesenthal compiled a fresh list of 807 Nazi criminals, men and women wanted for crimes in France. The list contained new physical descriptions, new addresses. At the same time that Wiesenthal passed the list on to France, he sent the list to the West German Foreign Office, as is his custom. Somehow the list came to the attention of Dr. Johannes Gawlik, head of the Foreign Office's Legal Protection Department, which looks out for the interests of Germans living abroad. Dr. Gawlik, by chance, was a lawyer who had defended several S.S. men during the Nuremberg trials.

For a while, Dr. Gawlik thought about what to do with this valuable list of names. Finally he had a brainstorm. He passed the list on to Dr. Kurt Wagner, head of the West German Red Cross Research Center.

Dr. Wagner is the antagonist of this tragedy.

He wasted nary a moment. By letter, by telephone, by telegraph he sent messages to other Red Cross chapters all over the world, informing them where the Nazi criminals were hiding out and urging the Red Cross officials to warn them. The Austrian Red Cross, it has been learned, eagerly cooperated, and 30 Nazi criminals in Austria were told that they were on the list. It is not known which other Red Cross chapters cooperated. With regard to South America, the West German Red Cross decided not to take any chances there with so many Nazi criminals involved, and several of the Red Cross men flew down to Argentina, Chile, and so forth, to deliver their warnings in person.

As a result of Dr. Wagner's energy and enthusiasm, and as a result of the cooperation of Red Cross chapters all over the world, *five-hundred and eighty* of the 807 Nazi criminals were warned. Many, no doubt, chose new places to live and new identities. All will now carefully avoid visiting countries that might extradite them.

Among those who got away:

Alois Brunner, an associate of Eichmann's and a mass murderer. He is the most prominent of the wanted men. Brunner sometimes visits Europe with only his sunglasses to disguise him.

Alois Ennsberger, former S.S. *Hauptsturmführer*, wanted for mass murder.

Heinz Pfanner, former S.S. *Obersturmführer*, tried in absentia in France and condemned to death.

Nice going, Red Cross.

What have you got to say for yourself, Dr. Wagner? Spit it out.

"We are helpers, not judges. We help all human beings in trouble. Nazis are human beings, too. To warn them was in the best Red Cross tradition."

A reporter asked, "Would you help an escaped sex fiend?"

"We help all," Dr. Wagner answered, "even an escaped sex fiend."

A few Red Cross officials in West Germany did admit that the Red Cross had done something improper, and promised to punish those responsible. But Dr. Wagner is still at his post, Simon Wiesenthal informs Avant-Garde. "The Red Cross has punished none of the culprits."

In his Bulletin of Information No. 8, Wiesenthal has eloquently written about the episode. One line, because of Wiesenthal's limited knowledge of English, is strongly reminiscent of the famous letter of Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

"This unusual action to warn mass murderers has been adopted by an honorable organization like the Red Cross, which in other words represents a crime on the ideal of the Red Cross."

When Avant-Garde asked Wiesenthal what effect the Red Cross's warnings would have upon his efforts to bring the missing 580 Nazi criminals to justice, he wrote back dispiritedly:

"At the moment one can hardly measure the setback it caused us."

A suggestion to the reader:

This year, and for a few years to come, don't make any contributions to the Red Cross.

Instead, send the money you intended for the Red Cross to Mr. Simon Wiesenthal, Dokumentationszentrum, 1010 Wien (Vienna) 1, Rudolfsplatz 7, III, Austria.

THE ELEPHANT IS SLOW TO MATE

The elephant, the huge old beast,
slow to mate;
he finds a female, they show no haste,
they wait

for the sympathy in their vast shy hearts
slowly, slowly to rouse
as they loiter along the river-beds
and drink and browse

and dash in panic through the brake
of forest with the herd,
and sleep in massive silence, and wake
together, without a word.

So slowly the great hot elephant hearts
grow full of desire,
and the great beasts mate in secret at last,
hiding their fire.

Oldest they are and the wisest of beasts
so they know at last
how to wait for the loneliest of feasts,
for the full repast

They do not snatch, they do not tear;
their massive blood
moves as the moon-tides, near, more near,
till they touch in flood.

BEASTS ALONE
THREE POEMS BY
D H LAWRENCE

tortoise shout

I thought he was dumb,
I said he was dumb
Yet I've heard him cry

First faint scream,
Out of life's unfathomable dawn
Far off, so far, like a madness, under the horizon's dawning rim,
Far far off far scream

Tortoise in extremis

Why were we crucified into sex?
Why were we not left rounded off and finished in ourselves
As we began,
As he certainly began, so perfectly a one?

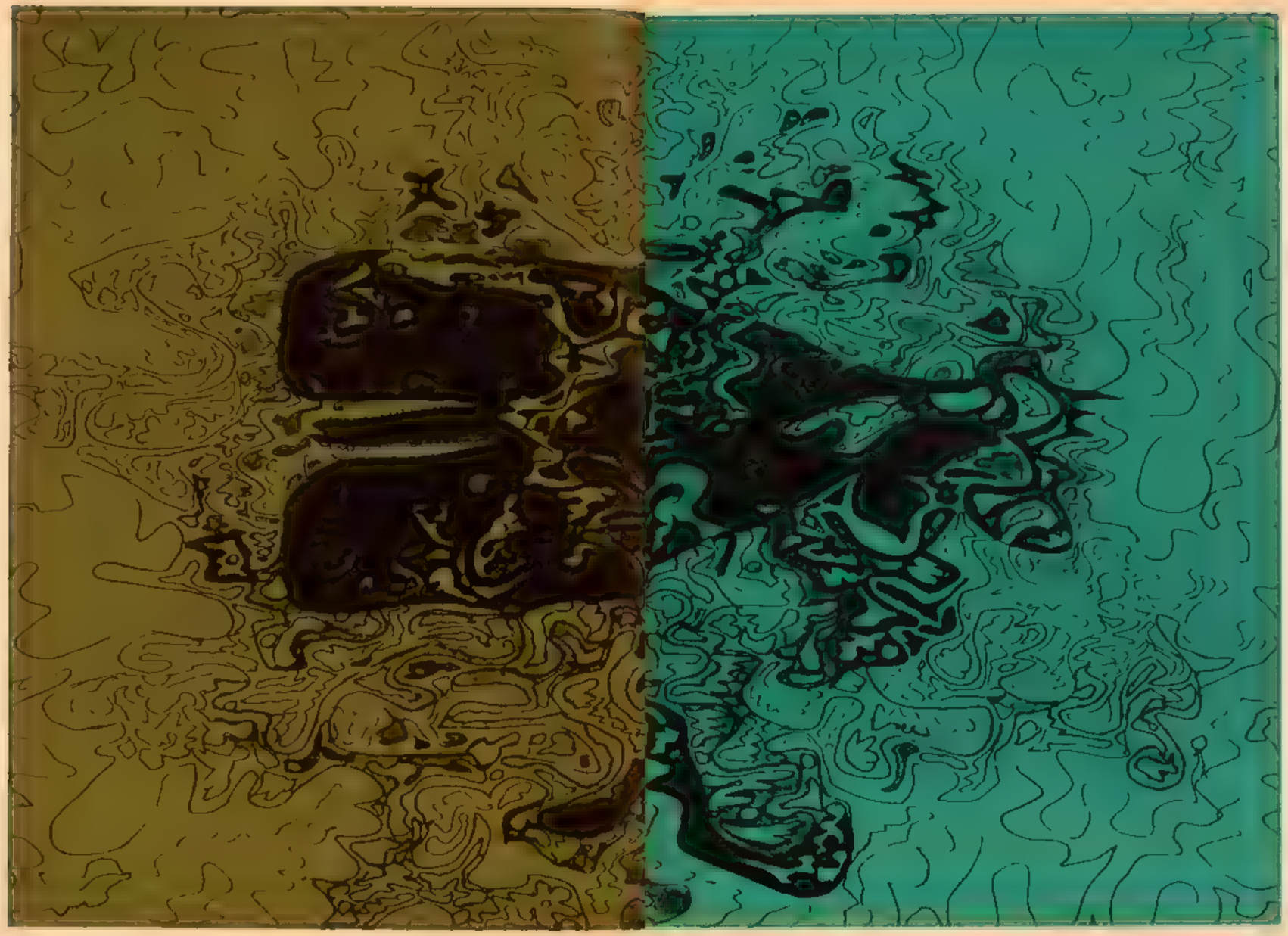
A far, was it audible scream,
Or did it sound on the plasmic rect?

Worse than the cry of the new born
A scream
A yell
A shout
A paean
A death agony
A birth cry
A submission
A tiny tiny, far away, reptile under the first dawn

War-cry, triumph, acute delight, death-scream reptilian,
Why was the veil torn?
The silken shriek of the soul's torn membrane?
The male soul's membrane
Torn with a shriek half music, half horror

BEASTS NEAR
THREE POEMS BY
D H LAWRENCE

Whales Weep Not!



They say the sea is cold, but the sea contains
the hottest blood of all, and the wildest, the most urgent.

All the whales in the wider deeps, but are they, as they urge
on and on, and dive beneath the ice-bergs.
The right whales, the sperm whales, the hammer-heads, the killers,
there they blow: there they blow, hot wild white breath out of
the sea!

And they rock, and they rock, through the sensual ageless ages,
on the depths of the seven seas,
and through the salt they reel with drunk delight
and in the tropics tremble they with love
and roll with massive, strong desire, like gods.
Then the great bull lies up against his bride
in the blue deep of the sea
as mountain pressing on mountain, in the zest of life:
and out of the inward roaring of the inner red ocean of whale
[redacted]
the long tip reaches strong, intense, like the maelstrom-tip, and
comes to rest
in the clasp and the soft, wild clutch of a she-whale's fathomless
body.

And over the bridge of the whale's strong phallus, linking the
wonder of whales
the burning archangels under the sea keep passing, back and forth,
keep passing archangels of bliss
from him to her, from her to him, great Cherubim
that wait on whales in mid-ocean, suspended in the waves of
the sea
great heaven of whales in the waters, old hierarchies.
And enormous mother whales lie dreaming sucking their whale-
tender young
and dreaming with strange whale eyes wide open in the waters of
the beginning and the end.

And bull-whales gather their women and whale-calves in a ring
when danger threatens, on the surface of the ceaseless flood
and range themselves like great fierce Seraphim facing the threat
encircling their huddled monsters of love.
And all this happiness in the sea, in the salt
where God is also love, but without words:
and Aphrodite in the wife of whales
most happy, happy she!

And Venus among the fishes skips and is a she-dolphin
she is the gay, delighted porpoise sporting with love and the sea
she is the female tunny-fish, round and happy among the males
and dense with happy blood, dark rainbow bliss in the sea.

JEWS, CATHOLICS, & PROTESTANTS COMPARED

THEY DIFFER IN THEIR POLITICS, IN THE WAY THEY BRING UP THEIR CHILDREN, EVEN IN THE TYPES OF CRIMES THEY COMMIT. CONSEQUENTLY, WHEN AMERICA HAS A CATHOLIC MAJORITY, NOT LONG FROM NOW, WE WILL HAVE A DIFFERENT ALMOST UNRECOGNIZABLE—AMERICA.

BY WARNER BROWN

A well-educated American may be thoroughly familiar with the Second Law of Thermodynamics and be capable of reciting Elizabethan poetry by the hour but if you ask him

Who is the most likely to become an alcoholic, a (1) Jew, a (2) Catholic or a (3) Protestant?

he'll be completely nonplussed by this simple question. Nor will he have the slightest idea whether a Jew, a Catholic or a Protestant is the most apt to be diabetic or epileptic. Ask him to identify the socio-religious group that commits the most crimes, the group that's the most prejudiced or the group that's disproportionately represented among bookmakers, and he'll throw up his hands in surrender. More than that he'll probably be offended by such questions.

We Americans are awfully squeamish about differences between people, as C.P. Snow discovered recently when he observed that the Jews seem to be very intelligent. He received a slew of nasty letters for going against the American grain. The fact is that we Americans are well aware that religious and racial differences may lead to prejudice and persecution. Many Americans originally came here because of religious differences. We've had our worst interracial conflict because of racial differences.

But people are not peas in a pod. Protestants *are* different from Catholics, and Christians *are* different from Jews. And the differences sometimes have important consequences. For example, we know that Catholics have more children than Protestants have, and many more children than Jews have. Therefore, even though Catholics are a minority now (23 per cent of the population, compared with 68 per cent Protestants and 4 per cent Jews), they're going to increase until eventually they become a majority, and America will be more and more influenced by Catholic attitudes and Catholic values. So, once we learn what typically Catholic attitudes and values are, we will have a pretty fair picture of what American society will be like in the 21st Century.

THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX

The reason why Jews differ from gentiles, and Protestants from Catholics is that the three groups have different religious beliefs and religious institutions, their members have had different histories and their child-rearing practices are different.

In Judaism, for example, man is not born in sin, to be saved only by the grace of God. He is born blameless, and can please God simply by leading a righteous life. The Jewish religion emphasizes *conduct* (obeying the laws laid down in the Old Testament) rather than *belief* (the nature of God, the possibility of salvation, etc.). Protestant denominations differ in their religious views, but the three branches of Judaism—Orthodox, Conservative, Reform—differ in how many laws they obey (whether they recite prayers upon arising, for example).

This emphasis on the play of the hand rather than the bidding, on action rather than theory, is a reflection of Judaism's concern with this world rather than with the next. As an old rabbi once said: "One hour of repentance and good deeds in this world is better than the whole life of the world to come." The Jewish religion, unlike Christianity, has only vague ideas about heaven and hell and immortality.

Not expecting pie in the sky, the Jews logically enough are a nonascetic people, preferring their pie in the here and now. This nonasceticism helps explain the traditional Jewish interest in good food and soft luxury. Grotsinger's and the Concord. (You don't have to be Jewish to love Levy's Jewish rye, but it helps, it helps.) It also goes to explain the Jews' concern with health and the great number of Jewish doctors. And it helps account for the fact that, according to Kinsey, Jews generally have more marital intercourse than non-Jews.

On the other hand, Judaism enjoins charity upon its people, the care of widows, orphans, and the needy. During World War II, Jewish mothers (with Jewish mothers' logic) would tell their youngsters, "Eat your soup, remember the starving children in Europe." Catholic mothers, as we shall see, were more likely to say, "Eat your soup, because I tell you to."

Finally, the Jewish religion has no priestly caste. "The rabbi, the spiritual leader of a congregation," writes John Cogley, "is not looked upon in the way Roman Catholics regard their priests or even in the way most Protestants regard their pastors. Rather he is expected to be a teacher learned in the law and trained in the principles of Judaism but with no special priestly or hierarchical status." Nor does Judaism have any authority who can decide what is, or what is not true Judaism. The Jewish religion thus encourages equality and individualism.

The history of the Jews, before and after their dispersion from Palestine, is simple to describe because it's been so tempestuous. The Jews enter a new country, they become rich and powerful, the non-Jews become envious and angry, and throw them out on their ears. (See Theodor Reik's *Curiosities of the Self*.) It is probably because of their many-depressive history that the Jews are such a fearful people always suspecting that a pogrom lurks around the corner. It is their Cassandra Complex—the feeling that inside every thing marvelous (including Trojan horses) there are menacing enemy soldiers.

The Cassandra Complex of the Jews is one reason they're such a middle-class people, always deferring their gratifications like mad. They save not just for a rainy day but for the Flood itself. The Jews are inveterate worriers. When M. Zborowski studied hospitalized Jewish and Italian war veterans, he found that both groups were more sensitive to pain than Protestants were. When he gave the Jews and the Italians painkillers, however, the Italians became cheerful; the Jews continued worrying about how seriously ill they were.

After their dispersion, the Jews became an urban people and many went into business. One reason was that a lot of other desirable occupations were barred to them by law—politics, government service, the military, land-owning. Another reason was that, as a merchant, a Jew could be independent and find time for his thrice-daily prayers and he could quickly leave the country if persecution started, and set up shop elsewhere. The Jews' background in business accounts for the fact that nowadays some Jews are sharp and shady operators—why you have many Jewish slumlords and Jewish bookmakers, not to overlook Abe Fortas and Louis Wolfson.

During their dispersion the Jews became liberals, having learned that conservatives tend to want racially pure nations and state churches. They also came to stress the importance of family life and family ties, because if the synagogue burned down they could still pray in their homes.

Finally, and perhaps this above all, the Jews came to think the world of education. In the ghetto, the most respected man was the only professional man, the scholar-rabbi. A man obliged to learn not only the Old Testament but the *Talmud*—63 volumes of commentary upon the Old Testament. "Learning and scholarship rather than power or even wealth came increasingly to be the measure of a man in the ghetto communities," writes Gerhard Lenski, in *The Religious Factor*.

To punish their children, Jewish parents rarely strike or spank them, but instead invoke symbolic sanctions, like taking away their privileges. What this does, Michael Argyle reports in *Religious Behavior*, is to make many Jews *impunitive*—when something goes wrong, Jews accept it philosophically. Tell a Jew he can't join a country club, and he'll just shrug his shoulders and walk away, although he'll write to his Congressman later on. Jewish parents also help make their children ambitious, stressing high standards of success. Compared with Protestants and Catholics, Jewish parents are the least likely to be different toward their children (Morris Rosenberg, *Society and the Adolescent Self Image*). Finally, despite the many Jewish mothers, Jewish parents tend to encourage their children to be independent, to think for themselves. Should a 12-year-old be allowed to decide for himself whether to go to church or Sunday school? When a group of Detroit residents was asked this question, Lenski reports, 7 per cent of the Catholics, 21 per cent of the white Protestants, and 33 per cent of the Jews said Yes.

To sum up: Jews tend to be this-worldly, nonascetic, health-minded, charitable, business-oriented, liberal in their politics, family-oriented, individualistic and independent, intellectual, ambitious, and impunitive.

THE LOCK OF THE IRISH

Catholicism is the most other-worldly of religions. To the good Catholic, the world we inhabit now is only a brief prelude to the majestic symphony to come. And therefore it is foolish to get terribly involved with social movements, foolish to expect to create a paradise on earth. In 1950, Pope Pius XII even took American Catholicism to task for the "heresy of action" for the idea that "the world can be saved by external activity." The proper study of mankind is not man but God.

Not surprisingly, many Catholics don't have the worldly ambitiousness of Protestants and Jews: why work your behind off here, when it's *there* that counts? Added to this is the Catholic belief that work is God's punishment for Adam's fall. Even education is not all that important to many Catholics, unless it's religious education. So long as someone believes Catholic doctrine, he will eventually meet God face to face.

In Adam's fall we sinned all, but because of Christ's sacrifice man can redeem himself if he follows the dictates of the church and the clergy. The church is God's avatar on earth, the pope His vicar, and their rulings must be obeyed as if they were God's own. This viewpoint, together with the Catholic Church's unchanging political structure—it is a monarchy—has also served to discourage recalcitrance and the history of the church and especially the response to the Protestant Reformation, has further sealed the doom of religious dissidence. A good Catholic obeys because he has been told to obey, in fact obedience is characteristic of Catholics in almost every sphere of their lives. When asked which is more important for children, obedience or intellectual autonomy, for instance, 40 per cent of the Protestant clergy (Lenski reports) and 81 per cent of the Catholic clergy chose obedience.

Toward the family Catholicism is as favorable as Judaism—the family is a locus of prayer for Catholics, too. As a consequence, the family ties of many Catholics are made of iron. Indeed, Catholic immigrants from southern Italy are even more family-oriented than Jews. When Italians and Jews were asked whether they agreed that "Nothing in life is worth the sacrifice of moving away from your parents," 18 per cent of the Jews and 42 per cent of the Italians agreed. "Even when teenagers get married, their main loyalty still belongs to their fathers and mothers." Of Jews, 36 per cent agreed; of Italians, 54 per cent agreed.

Nathan Glazer, in *Beyond the Melting Pot* even suggests that the reason blacks and Puerto Ricans have not displaced the Italians from gangsterism in America is that "the Italian family and neighborhood provide connections of a closeness and dependability that other groups cannot match."

Toward sex, Catholicism is contemptuous: if you must have it, have it, but only within the context of marriage and only for the purpose of begetting children. This anti-sex attitude was a reaction to the old Roman orgies. Today, the best Catholics—the clergy—do without sex altogether and it's almost impossible for someone to both have sex and become a saint. On the other hand, Catholicism is permissive toward both drinking and gambling.

To deal with sins in general, there is the confession. One tells one's sins to a priest, does penance and emerges as good as new. Instead of mulling over one's guilt, chewing around for a while, one quickly disposes of it altogether. The confession, then, serves to externalize and weaken the superego, which may be one reason why Catholics, otherwise so obedient, have proportionately the highest crime rates in every country they inhabit.

American Catholicism is somewhat different from the Catholicism of the Old Country. For one thing, most American Catholics place the American Way of Life before their religious beliefs—John F. Kennedy maintained that the dictates of his country came before the dictates of the pope. And, oddly enough, the majority of Catholics in America vote not for the conservative Republicans but for the more progressive Democrats. One reason is historical. When Catholics immigrated here in great numbers during the 19th and early 20th Centuries, they found that the middle-class, Protestant, Republican Party wouldn't touch them with a 10-mile pole. And so the Catholic immigrants, the vast majority of them lower class, gravitated to the Democratic Party, where the majority still remains.

Another reason for Catholic support of the Democrats is that Catholics are security-minded (because of their strong family ties), and not afraid of big government (because of the historical association between Catholicism and state governments) and therefore like the Democrats but dislike the Republicans. Catholics want a stronger role for the government in everyday affairs. Compassionate papal encyclicals from *Quadragesimo Anno* (1931), to the recent *Mater et Magistra* have endorsed virtually all the provisions of the welfare state. On the other hand, there is a dissident branch of lower-class conservatism in Catholicism—Robert Welch of the John Birch Society maintains that half of his members are Catholics. These contradictions are clearly seen in America's labor unions, which are generally composed of Catholics and generally run by Catholics (like George Meany). The unions tend to favor more government intervention, but otherwise are conservative—against helping blacks, for the Vietnam War, etc. (And, because of the Catholic's lack of enthusiasm for work, America's labor unions are more intent on reducing working hours rather than obtaining power for the laborer.)

The typical Catholic, with his lack of enthusiasm for work, as well as his unwillingness to take a better job in Los Angeles when his family lives in Boston, does not quickly rise in the class system, the way Jews have done. Even today Catholics are heavily represented in the lower classes. A Notre Dame sociologist, John J. Kane, writes, "It seems that Catholics creep forward rather than stride forward in American society, and the position of Catholics in the mid-20th Century is better but not so much better, than it was a century ago." Yet one immigrant Catholic group has distinguished itself somewhat: the Irish. Blessed with an understanding of America's language, the Irish had a tremendous head start on the other immigrants, and today, it is Irish-Catholics who dominate America's labor unions and police departments, who dominate the Catholic Church itself (which is one reason the church looks with kindness on drinking and gambling), and who have until very recently, dominated the Democratic Party. (Their political hegemony is declining as more Irish-Catholics join the middle class, move to the suburbs, and vote Republican.)

To discipline their children, Catholics, as lower-class people do, use physical force and they like their children to be seen but not heard. The stern discipline helps make Catholics *extrapunitive*—when things go wrong they blame other people, and may even resort to physical retaliation. Tell a Catholic he can't join a country club, and instead of shrugging his shoulders he's apt to pop you in the nose. Which helps account for the prevalence of brutality among America's Irish-dominated police departments.) The harsh discipline also is one reason why Catholics are somewhat more prejudiced than other religious groups (omitting southern Protestants)—a physically abused child grows up feeling weak, and as an adult prefers to identify with the strong (the military, big business, rather than with the deprived, minority groups).

To sum up: Catholics tend to be other-worldly, relatively uninterested in work, obedient, family-oriented, sympathetic toward the poor, unintellectual, extrapunitive and more prejudiced than Jews and northern Protestants.

THE ETHICS OF PROTESTA

There are over a thousand different Protestant churches in America, varying all the way from Fundamentalists (who believe that every word in the Bible is literally true, to Unitarians (who don't recognize Jesus as their "Lord and Savior"), so it's somewhat misleading to talk about "Protestants" as if they were a homogeneous group. Still, 85 per cent of all American Protestants belong to just 12 denominations, these denominations have a sense of unity (Protestants marry Protestants of other denominations without qualm, but not Catholics), and they share many beliefs, other than simply being opposed to papal supremacy.

There are so many Protestant denominations because of the philosophy behind the Reformation itself. Protestant leaders, by stressing that people can find God in their own way and by proceeding to argue that the Catholic Church did not have the one true way, implied that there were many, many different routes to God—and thus encouraged more and more "petty reformations."

Individualism is at the heart of Protestantism. When a Protestant prays, he does not call upon the Virgin Mary to intercede for him, nor does he call upon any of the saints; he does not use beads or rosaries; he does not need nine other men to pray with him (as Jews do for special prayers). He reads his Bible directly and prays to his God directly. And if he tells his sins to a clergyman, he knows that only Christ can forgive. As Luther said, "Every man will have to do his own believing as he will have to do his own dying."

Protestantism is more this-worldly than Catholicism and it urges man to build the Kingdom of God on earth (it is more tolerant (in modern times at least), holding that there is no single true religion and encouraging diversity and it emphasizes individual morality more than Catholicism, calling as it does upon all Protestants to honor God by leading a totally religious life not just on Sundays and not just in church, but at all times and everywhere.

Another important difference between Catholicism and Protestantism is in their attitudes toward work. To Protestants, thrift and hard work are man's ways of honoring God, and prosperity is God's reward to the hard-working man.

Toward sex, Protestantism has a deep antagonism, the result of its Puritan heritage. And toward the family interestingly enough: Protestantism is rather cool, emphasizing as does the greater importance of work and the total religious life.

The Protestant immigrants to America were fortunate indeed, for their ideals were just what America's frontiersmen needed: the ideals of self-reliance, individualism, hard work and practicality. Understandably the Protestant immigrants became successful almost overnight. (The Mormons, who were [illegible] Vernon Pope has written, "Protestantism tended to be the religion of the ruling and advantaged groups in America.")

Because of their privileged position, and because the Protestant religion suggests that poor people deserve their fate, Protestants have always sided with political conservatism. We made it, why can't you? There is the philosophy of rugged individualism: the survival of the fittest, and I'm all right, Jack. Protestantism is the most uncharitable and hard-hearted of the major religions of America. And what with Protestant control of the country, it is understandable that America had to wait so long for such elemental decencies as Social Security and national health [illegible].

Like Jews, Protestant parents encourage their children to be independent and intellectually autonomous, they inculcate high standards of success and they use symbolic punishments instead of physical punishment. But unlike the Jews, Protestants don't become impunitive. They become *intropunitive*.

Because of their sense of man's baste unworthiness and individual responsibility Protestants tend to be as hardhearted toward themselves as they are toward other people Tell a Protestant he can't join a country club, and he may feel he deserves the slight and walk away weeping.

To sum up Protestants tend to be thisworldly hard-working, individualistic, self reliant, moral, tolerant, Puritanical, callous toward the poor, directed away from the family, and introspunitive

FROM BIRTH THROUGH ADOLESCENCE

Now that the main characteristics of Jews, Catholics and Protestants have been sketched, we are in a position to understand many of the fascinating differences between the three groups.

At birth Jews are the most likely to have a tendency toward a dozen or so minor hereditary diseases, as well as diabetes mellitus the explanation being that (1) throughout history Jews with these diseases were very careful about their health, and (2) Jewish doctors never engaged in such shenanigans as bloodletting, with the combined result that Christians with these hereditary diseases died out, but the Jews with them have survived. Catholics at birth are the most likely to have epilepsy because epilepsy is not uncommon among the later children of large families

Jewish children, despite the fact that the Jews sanction divorce, are the least likely to have parents who have separated. Next come Catholics, then Protestants. Although divorce is relatively rare among Catholics (because of the religious ban on divorce as well as the strong Catholic family), desertions are relatively high

Partly because of their authoritarian church, Catholics are more conventionally religious than Protestants, and far more conventionally religious than Jews Ninety-two per cent of Catholics, 87 per cent of Protestants, and 44 per cent of Jews are "absolutely certain" there is a God The reason modern American Jews are so irreligious, according to Will Herberg, is that the Jewish immigrants who came to America were still in the Middle Ages, and their religion could not easily surmount the shocks of a secular age whereas Catholicism and Protestantism had already aged and weathered the Renaissance and the Enughtenment Nathan Glazer also suggests that while Jews have a horror of converting to Christianity many won't hesitate to convert to psychoanalysis a scientific, humanistic, nonascetic religion founded by fellow Jews

Now Jews are, of course, the most likely to have experienced prejudice followed by Catholics It is also true that the American people accord higher status to (1) Protestants and to (2) Catholics than to Jews. Yet, amazingly enough, as youngsters and probably throughout their lives *Jews have higher self-esteem than either Protestants or Catholics have* This is partly the result of their family wealth, partly the result of their getting excellent grades in school, and partly the result of the fact that they come from intact families

Among all three religious groups, self-esteem tends to vary by the nationality of one's parents

[redacted]

one's parents came here (German Jews, for example, came before Russian Jews), and what wealth and skills one's parents brought with them (German immigrants were wealthier and more skilled than Polish immigrants)

Similarly even though Jews suffer the most prejudice, they are the least affected by it those Jews who have been discriminated against are less likely than Catholic and Protestant victims of prejudice (1) to have low self-esteem or (2) to have psychosomatic complaints, Milton Rosenberg writes

Perhaps the prejudice against Jews in the society is so pervasive that its expression is taken for granted: perhaps Jewish children are taught early to expect such slights and to harden themselves against them, perhaps, since discrimination plays such a relatively large role in the lives of Jewish leaders, they may tend to deal by attributing the fault to the Jew's environment rather than to themselves.

Or, as mentioned, the answer may be that Jews tend to be *impunitive* they ignore slights. Protestants who have experienced prejudice have the lowest self-esteem and the most neurotic complaints—evidently because they're *introspunitive*

Comparing the values of adolescents, Rosenberg found that

Catholic boys are more likely than Jewish boys to stress motoric values (good at working with hands, fighting, tough, good athlete). They are also more concerned with being efficient and practical and with being a "deeply religious person." There is some tendency for Jewish boys to be more likely than Catholics to emphasize intellectual values, although the differences are not striking. Jewish boys are significantly more likely to stress being "clear thinking and clever" and [illegible] more likely than Catholics to emphasize being well liked by others. They [illegible] emphasize being dependable and conventional, moral and [illegible] and law abiding.

In school Jews do the best work, followed by Protestants and then by Catholics. Jews also go the furthest 63 1 per cent finish high school, compared with 49 per cent of the Protestants and 43 0 per cent of the Catholics Lenski writes. "It appears that the high dropout rate of Catholics is a *major* factor contributing to their relatively low rate of upward mobility" *Why* are Jews so smart and Catholics *not* so smart? Perhaps the main reason is that Jews grow up in small families, where they get loads of attention Catholics grow up in large families, where they may be neglected As Lenski points out, "Research has demonstrated that performance in school is positively correlated with I.Q. [and] that I Q is negatively correlated with family size

FROM ADOLESCENCE TO SENILITY

As adults Jews are disproportionately to be found among independent businessmen and professional men one out of three is self-employed, compared with 10 per cent of Protestants and 8 per cent of Catholics About 16.3 per cent of the nation's lawyers are Jews as are 10.9 per cent of the nation's doctors. Interestingly Jews tend to avoid the "dependent" professions, like engineering and schoolteaching (although in New York half the teachers are Jewish). Protestants become corporation executives and professional men in fact more Episcopalians and Congregationalists become professional men than Jews do Catholics are disproportionately represented in the working class, but the middle-class occupations that do attract Catholics are finance, law, engineering, art, acting, teaching and politics. Catholics are astonishingly unlikely to become scientists they produce one-sixth the number that Jews and Protestants do, "Scientific activity more than any other, Lenski explains, "demands intellectual autonomy" It's also true that Catholics, with their more involved theology tend to find that science is antagonistic to their beliefs. Only 7 per cent of white college-educated Protestants see a serious conflict be ween the teachings of their church compared with 32 per cent of white college-educated Catholics

In choosing a job Jews are the most eager to get ahead Lenski found that they prefer a job with opportunities for advancement over jobs with high salaries or with good working hours, or jobs that are important Protestants come next, then Catholics. And a study that Melville D Dalton (*The Journal of Political Economy*, 1947) once made of machinists in an industrial plant showed that Catholics were more likely than Protestants to goof off on the job Finally Lenski found that Catholics are less likely than either Protestants or Jews to have fond feelings for work

In their financial habits, Jews and Protestants have middle-class traits– they save for rainy days. Catholics tend to live for the moment With regard to installment buying Lenski found that 56 per cent of the Jews 44 per cent of the Protestants, and 40 per cent of the Catholics though it unwise Jews save more money than Protestants or Catholics save, and are willing to undergo hardships in order to save the Cassandra Complex at work

Not surprisingly then, Jewish families tend to be wealthier than Protestant families (except for Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians), and Catholic families are the least wealthy of all

Jews are more likely to vote than Protestants or Catholics are and more likely to vote Democratic In modern times, the only Democratic Presidential candidate who didn't win the Jewish vote was Harry S Truman Jews deserted him for Henry Wallace. Locally, however Jews often vote Republican in New York they helped elect Fiorello La Guardia and John V Lindsay Catholics tend to be Democratic, too, while Protestants are the most Republican

When it comes to liberalism however Jews leave Catholics as well as Protestants behind. Catholics tend to want freedom *from* from poverty and illness Unlike Protestants, Catholics want the government to do more for education, for housing, for medical care for unemployment (Fifty-eight per cent of a sample of middle-class Catholics favored the welfare state 62 per cent of Jews did, but only 39 per cent of Protestants did. The Jews probably would have ranked higher but many Jewish doctors gag at the idea of government aid to medicine) Protestants tend to want freedom *to* the whole bag of civil liberties. Does the Bill of Rights permit criticism of the President, attacks on religion, Fascist speeches, and Communist speeches? Sixty-three per cent of Protestants 57 per cent of the Jews, but only 52 per cent of the Catholics say yes. In another study nearly 50 per cent of the Catholics were opposed to letting ministers of other churches teach anything contrary to the Catholic religion publicly (on radio or television or in the press)

Catholics are also more likely than Protestants or Jews to be prejudiced. A study that Gordon W Allport and B. M. Kramer made of 437 students for example, found that 71 per cent of the Catholics, 62 per cent of the Protestants, and 22 per cent of the Jews were prejudiced (*Journal of Psychology* 946). Fifty-eight per cent of the Catholics in Lenski's study said they would be disturbed if Negroes moved into their neighborhood 53 per cent of the Protestants and 19 per cent of the Jews said they would be disturbed. George Gallup found that 60 per cent of Catholics and 53 per cent of Protestants feel that Negroes themselves are most responsible for their plight

The Jews come in for criticism for their business practices. Only 47 per cent of Protestants and 45 per cent of Catholics feel that Jewish businessmen treat them fairly (Seventy-one per cent of the Protestants feel that Catholic businessmen treat them fairly 78 per cent of the Catholics feel that Protestant businessmen treat them fairly) Lenski offers the explanation that many Christians encounter Jews "in the context of the merchant-customer relationship," which "normally involves conflict, and, for the customer tension and anxiety as well.... The Catholic and Protestant groups are far less vulnerable in this respect since the businessmen among their members are much more likely to be members of some large bureaucratized enterprise." While there is some truth in this explanation (it helps account for black antagonism toward the Jews), it also seems that some Jews are amply more eager to get away with whatever they can If you were given a parking ticket, but by some fluke could get away with not paying it, *would* you pay it? In a small-sample survey of Lenski's 63 per cent of the white Protestants 61 per cent of the Catholics, but only 3 per cent of the Jews said they would. Further as we shall see Jews have a high rate of arrest for business crimes

As for moral standards in general, Protestants are the most strongly against drinking and gambling Catholics are the most strongly against birth control, divorce, and Sunday business Jews are rather uncritical of all these things, but since the Jews are a rational, thisworldly people it is gambling that the greatest number– 32 per cent– disapprove of

Paradoxically more Jews than Catholics or Protestants drink 87 per cent of Jews, 79 per cent of Catholics, and 59 per cent of Protestants. Yet Jews almost never become alcoholics– a drunken Jew is like a Catholic who gets divorced. According to Charles R Snyder, "...through the ceremonial use of alcohol, religious Jews learn how to drink in a controlled manner but through constant reference to the hedonism of outsiders, in association with a broader pattern of religious and ethnocentric ideas and sentiments, Jews also learn how not to drink."

Catholics are especially likely to become alcoholics 40 per cent as often as Protestants and Jews do And it is not *Italian* Catholics who become alcoholics, but Irish Catholics. In a study of a New Haven mental hospital, 0.8 per cent of the Italian inmates were found to be alcoholics, compared with 10.0 per cent of the Irish Catholics. And in a study of Bowery derelicts, 64 per cent of the whites were found to be Irish Part of the explanation for Irish alcoholism is the tension created by suppressed sexuality Irishmen traditionally marry late if at all. Italians, on the contrary, almost all marry and early Italians regard sex as necessary and normal, which is one reason there are so few Italian priests in [illegible] Another reason for Irish alcoholism according to Roger J W Williams may be hereditary Irishmen may lack the enzymes needed for disposing of the alcohol in their systems. Daniel Patrick Moynihan speculates that Irish alcoholism is one reason that Irishmen, unlike Italians, haven't made good gangsters. "Bookmaking, policy and drugs are complex, serious, exacting trades," he writes. "They are not jobs for heavy drinkers."

Catholics are also 8 1/2 per cent above average in schizophrenia (a lower-class illness as studies have shown); while Jews are 69 per cent above average in manic-depressive psychosis (an upper-class illness). Catholics are the most prone to homosexuality probably because of their stern fathers. Jews are the most prone to neurosis with two-and-a-half times the neurosis rates of Catholics and Protestants Jews are far less vulnerable in this respect since the businessmen among their members are much more likely to be members of some large bureaucratized enterprise." While there is some truth in this explanation (it helps account for black antagonism toward the Jews), it also seems that some Jews are amply more eager to get away with whatever they can If you were given a parking ticket, but by some fluke could get away with not paying it, *would* you pay it? In a small-sample survey of Lenski's 63 per cent of the white Protestants 61 per cent of the Catholics, but only 3 per cent of the Jews said they would. Further as we shall see Jews have a high rate of arrest for business crimes

As for moral standards in general, Protestants are the most strongly against drinking and gambling Catholics are the most strongly against birth control, divorce, and Sunday business Jews are rather uncritical of all these things, but since the Jews are a rational, thisworldly people it is gambling that the greatest number– 32 per cent– disapprove of

Paradoxically more Jews than Catholics or Protestants drink 87 per cent of Jews, 79 per cent of Catholics, and 59 per cent of Protestants. Yet Jews almost never become alcoholics– a drunken Jew is like a Catholic who gets divorced. According to Charles R Snyder, "...through the ceremonial use of alcohol, religious Jews learn how to drink in a controlled manner but through constant reference to the hedonism of outsiders, in association with a broader pattern of religious and ethnocentric ideas and sentiments, Jews also learn how not to drink."

Catholics are especially likely to become alcoholics 40 per cent as often as Protestants and Jews do And it is not *Italian* Catholics who become alcoholics, but Irish Catholics. In a study of a New Haven mental hospital, 0.8 per cent of the Italian inmates were found to be alcoholics, compared with 10.0 per cent of the Irish Catholics. And in a study of Bowery derelicts, 64 per cent of the whites were found to be Irish Part of the explanation for Irish alcoholism is the tension created by suppressed sexuality Irishmen traditionally marry late if at all. Italians, on the contrary, almost all marry and early Italians regard sex as necessary and normal, which is one reason there are so few Italian priests in [illegible] Another reason for Irish alcoholism according to Roger J W Williams may be hereditary Irishmen may lack the enzymes needed for disposing of the alcohol in their systems. Daniel Patrick Moynihan speculates that Irish alcoholism is one reason that Irishmen, unlike Italians, haven't made good gangsters. "Bookmaking, policy and drugs are complex, serious, exacting trades," he writes. "They are not jobs for heavy drinkers."

Catholics are also 8 1/2 per cent above average in schizophrenia (a lower-class illness as studies have shown); while Jews are 69 per cent above average in manic-depressive psychosis (an upper-class illness). Catholics are the most prone to homosexuality probably because of their stern fathers. Jews are the most prone to neurosis with two-and-a-half times the neurosis rates of Catholics and Protestants Jews are far less vulnerable in this

[illegible] reluctant to consult psychiatrists for their emotional problems, and this unbalances the surveys, another reason may be that Jews, with their warm families, are less likely to crack completely, and crack only partially In the famous study of Manhattan residents, *Mental Health in the Metropolis* the authors concluded "While there are fewer Jews than Catholics or Protestants who are completely well, there are also fewer Jews who are s[illegible] social functioning[illegible]

Protestants are 39 per cent above average in hospitalizations for senile psychosis, and 34 per cent above average in hospitalizations for cerebral arteriosclerosis. The reason is probably social, not medical Protestants with their looser family ties, send their senile grandparents to hospitals instead of letting them die at home

Protestants also are the most likely to commit suicide they are introspunitive Catholics, being extrapunitive, and because their religion forbids suicide, have a low rate—but they have a high rate of serious assaults. Jews are the least likely to commit suicide

Figures on the crimes committed by the three groups are hard to come by but here are the results of one study done in the Netherlands

[redacted]

Clearly, Catholics tend to be extrapunitive Jews tend to be shady businessmen, and Protestants, with their sexual hangup tend to have trouble with their sexual drives

[illegible] AND ASPECTS

As promised, no religious group has been whitewashed Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, as we have seen have their good points and their bad points Protestants tend to be hard-working, dedicated to civil liberties, and ethical, they also tend to be lacking in deep sympathy for the underdog, and uptight sexually Catholics have strong family ties, are the most religious, and are charitable they are also the least intellectual, the least hard-working, the least in favor of civil liberties, and the most prejudiced Jews are liberal, intellectual, and hard-working; they are also prone to shady business practices.

Also as promised, these differences have practical consequences. And, frankly, it is Catholics whom Americans have to worry about the most

Take the controversy over financial aid to parochial schools. The usual argument against such aid is that it would tear down the wall that separates Church and State But another trenchant argument we cannot ignore is that parochial schools are a danger to American democratic thought. Gerhard Lenski found that Catholics who have attended parochial schools are less in favor of civil liberties than other Catholics. For example, 55 per cent of public-school-educated Catholics believe that ministers of other faiths should be allowed to preach, publicly, things that are contrary to Catholic teachings, only 35 per cent of parochial-school-educated Catholics feel that way Lenski concludes: "...the further Catholics advance in their educational system, the further they depart from the traditional American norm. With advancing education and with the expansion of the Catholic educational system, acute tensions could develop in the future because of the conflict between Catholic and non-Catholic viewpoints on this [illegible]

Another place where we must be concerned about Catholicism is abroad, for it is a fact that Catholic countries have proved to be the most susceptible to Communism and to Fascism. Henry P Van Dusen of the Union Theological Seminary writes

The countries in which Communism or its twin tyranny, Fascism, are the gravest threat today are almost without exception, countries in which Protestantism has not been the preponderant form of Christianity Russia and her satellites, France, Spain, Portugal, and many Latin American nations.

Even more striking is this fact There is not a single instance where a country in which Protestantism has been the formative influence Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland, Great Britain, the United States has fallen victim to Communism or is seriously threatened by Communism.

Part of the reason for this state of affairs is that the Catholic Church itself is authoritarian, and it fosters the pursuit of security and the surrender of individual autonomy But perhaps the main reason why Catholic countries are susceptible to Communism and Fascism is that these countries tend to be the poorest—because of the Catholic lack of enthusiasm for work Think of Spain, Portugal, Ireland, most of South America. Lenski writes "Some Catholic nations such as France Italy Argentina, Brazil and Chile are quite highly industrialized, but none of them are leaders in the technological field, nor do they seem likely to become so." The nation that is going to start rivaling the United States is Japan. Lenski goes on. "Within the boundaries of the United States it may even be that the rapid growth of Catholic population in New England in the last century has contributed to the decline of that region as the center of economic progress and advance.

Still, the greatest danger posed by Catholicism is not abroad but at home right here in the United States

Catholics have larger families than Protestants because the Catholic Church opposes all forms of birth control except abstinence and the rhythm method. Consequently, the Catholics in America will eventually outnumber the Protestants, and our society will, for the first time be dominated by Catholic values and Catholic beliefs.

Gerhard Lenski suggests that the following are the developments "which are likely to be encouraged by the growth of the Catholic segment of the American population and the decline of the white Protestant segment"

rising birth rates

declining restraints on gambling and drinking,

increasing restraints on divorce and possibly birth control

– a slowing of industrial progress, and possibly also of scientific advance,

a decline in the importance attached to intellectual independence, and

a narrowing of the latitude for exercise of free speech.

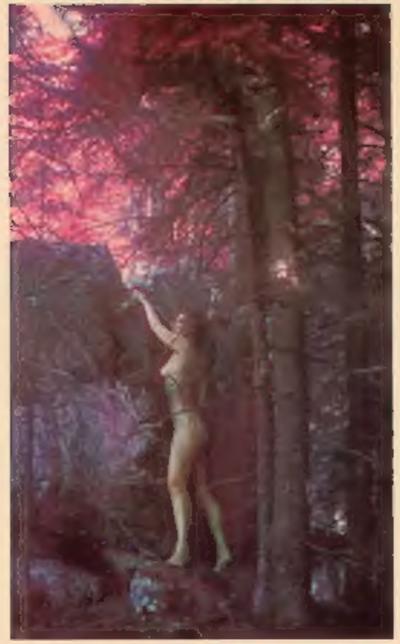
To those Americans, including many Catholics, who value free speech and free thought, the idea that these developments are possible will be depressing And even though there has been ferment in the Catholic Church recently, the Pope has remained adamant in his refusal to approve artificial methods of birth control

And birth control is the answer Once Catholics are permitted to use the pill or the coil, Protestants and Jews can rest more assured that the American Way of Life will continue indefinitely What we must do is persuade the Catholic Church hierarchy that it is in their own best interests to approve of artificial birth control.

We can make a magnificent case. It is partly because of their large families that the Catholics in this country are so poor–Catholic parents can't afford to send all of their children to college And in large families, the child does not get the attention he needs– one reason for his lower I.Q., and the paucity of American Catholic intellectuals. Possibly one reason Catholic parents insist on complete obedience from their youngsters, and use physical force in disciplining them, is that it is hard to control a lot of children. Perhaps with smaller families, there would be a relaxing of discipline—and fewer Catholic homosexuals. Perhaps prejudice among Catholics would also decline Certainly epilepsy would. And it is even possible that alcoholism among Irishmen would become less common once the Irish no longer worrying about having to support a lot of children, got married earlier In short, birth control could make American Catholics healthier wealthier, and wiser

Let us hope that a future pope is moved by these arguments. For time is running out The Rev James M Gillis, a former editor of *Catholic World* after consulting various demographers, has predicted that by the year 2000—which is only 31 years away most of the babies born in the United States will be Catholics and soon after that Catholic adults will outnumber non-Catholic adults.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELIOT ELISOFON



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